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# Broadway Translations

*"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale*
*Her infinite variety."*

# THE IDYLLS
# EPIGRAMS AND OTHER POEMS
# OF THEOCRITUS

WITH THE

# POEMS OF BION AND MOSCHUS

Broadway Translations

# THE IDYLLS OF THEOCRITUS

WITH THE FRAGMENTS

# BION AND MOSCHUS

*Translated by*

J. H. HALLARD, M.A. Oxon

*With an Introduction*

**Fourth Edition**

(*Revised throughout and Reset*)

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS LTD.

NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

X-2607-1949
GLASGOW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

TO MY FRIEND

DUNCAN JOHN ROBERTSON

THESE TRANSLATIONS ARE

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

WITHDRAWN

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# PREFACE

In these translations I have endeavoured to satisfy the requirements of the scholar as well as those of the man of letters. To succeed in this dual aim with a verse translation is trebly hard, and I am fully sensible of the difficulty of the task I have undertaken; but, my labour having been a labour of love, and therefore a delight, I already feel myself in large measure rewarded.

With regard to the metres employed, it might be urged against me that while Theocritus only uses two or three (and indeed chiefly one—the dactylic hexameter), my translation employs nearly a score. The reply would be that any three forms of verse in English might 'stale the infinite variety' which motive, manner, and metre give to the original. It seemed to me that the best method for an intending translator of Theocritus were to vary his measures a good deal. The principle on which I have gone is briefly this: to use blank verse for dialogue and description, rimed anapæstic metres for lyric passages, and unrimed dactylic hexameters for narrative. But I have not strictly adhered to this arrangement; I occasionally use the heroic couplet and other

forms, even attempting a sort of Phalæcian hendecasyllables, that 'dainty metre of Catullus,' in Id. XXVIII. Though sometimes altered a little, the lyric metres I employ are mainly those already familiar to us. Thanks to the metrical marvels that were accomplished in this field by a great poet of the last generation, a translator has here no difficulty in finding a beautiful mould for his work. One might add that much in the tone and even in the expression of modern English poetry is favourable to the translator of Greek poetry. For perhaps it may be said without cavil that no age has better understood both the spirit and the letter of Greek literature than our own. In our translations we no longer welcome or allow conceptions foreign to the original, and in our desire to get as close as possible to the thought and expression of a Greek poet, we have sometimes even thrown aside verse altogether and used plain prose—and in certain famous instances with great success. Still, verse must remain the fitting medium for the translation of poetry.

The only originality to which I venture to lay claim is in the structure of my hexameters.[1] English dactylic hexameters will perhaps never become a standard form of verse, but still they may be made so as not to shock the ear with gross false quantities. I have endeavoured to avoid

[1] I refer here to my unrimed hexameters made on the classical model (Ids. VI. and XXVIII. also, however, follow my metrical principles).

these by never letting the second or third syllable in a dactyl pass as short when (1) such syllable ends in two different consonants, unless one be a liquid,[1] or when (2) it ends in a consonant, and the next syllable or word begins with a consonant, unless (*a*) this latter consonant be *h*, *w*, or *y*,[2] or (*b*) either of them be one of the liquids, or (*c*) the aforesaid syllable be an easily slurred vocable like *with*, *of*, or the ending *ing*. Doubtless, stress must largely take the place of quantity; but still, the nearer one can bring one's line to the classical model, *consistently with the genius of English verse*, the more harmonious it becomes. English poets that have employed this metre have almost universally neglected quantity.[3] They have also neglected *cæsura*—another principle which I have endeavoured to follow so far as it is possible in a language which, by its overwhelmingly stress-accented nature, precludes the *ictus* of the verse

[1] My self-imposed law of the liquid resulted in a *labor improbus*, and I now regard it merely as a 'counsel of perfection.' Were the work to do again, I might frequently disregard this principle. Still, one must avoid a clash of consonants in the short notes of the dactyl.

[2] Words beginning with *h*, *w*, or *y*, may be regarded as beginning with a vowel, as conversely words like *one* and *once* may be regarded as beginning with a consonant.

[3] Long vowels and diphthongs, not long by position, may be scanned as short, when unaccented; but unaccented naturally short syllables cannot be scanned long, unless they are long by position, or end the line. A monosyllabic 'short' may be scanned long, if an important word—*e.g.* a noun, pronoun, or verb—when the *ictus* is on it. Syllables with a *z* sound, like the words *has* and *is*, are 'common.' I have used a certain freedom in the case of proper names.

from falling on an unstressed syllable.[1] *Cæsurae* in English must of necessity be mainly monosyllables. The disrepute which hexameters have incurred among us arises largely from the neglect of quantity and *cæsura* which, as I have already said, our poets have shown; but still, naturally, the mere fact that the beat of the verse *must* in English coincide with the stress (natural or oratorical) of the word, avoid falling on unimportant words, and (as far as possible) not skip important ones, makes this purely dactylo-spondaic metre somewhat monotonous. Moreover, good spondees are rare in English, and the English dactylic 'lilt' has a tendency, not always recognised, to sound like prose. This, however, is not true of *anapæstic* hexameters,[2] unrimed varieties

[1] This has sometimes been disputed (*e.g.* see the late W. J. Stone's treatise on the use of classical metres in English), but, I think, quite unsuccessfully. It cannot be too often asserted that the English stress-accent dominates the word. It hits the accented syllable so hard that it can flatten a naturally short vowel into a long one (such syllable may, however, occasionally be scanned short, when unaccented by the metre, unless necessarily long by position).

*N.B.*—For metrical purposes I regard English as spelt phonetically.

[2] The true dactylic 'lilt' would seem (musically expressed) to be this: , the anapæstic this: . Now, in English, the dactyl is apt to degenerate into a triplet
with the metre-accent so distributed—a prosaic cadence. The Greek and Latin dactyl was *tŭm-tĭ tĭ*, and not *tŭmtĭtў*. Take Virgil's famous line, 'Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.' If we read *tŭmtĭtў*, the horse is only cantering;

of which would, I believe, form the best metre for a translation of Homer.

And now a word with regard to the language of my translation. To many people it will appear—as it has already appeared to more than one authority—that the proper vehicle for translating Theocritus would be Scots. But apart from the fact that Scots has broader vowels than English, what other analogy does it bear to Doric Greek? Was Scots ever adopted by English poets as Doric was adopted for lyric purposes by the Attic tragedians? [1] Had Doric Greek in the time of Theocritus fallen into desuetude as Scots has? Had it become the all-but exclusive language of the common folk in lands of Doric speech? Had it, through corruption and degradation, come to sound vulgar in well-bred Dorian ears? Again, are the associations of the Theocritean idylls in any way comparable with anything in Scottish literature? Do Allan Ramsay's people, for example, have the faintest far-away resemblance to those of Theocritus? Can one imagine a Lothian shepherd pouring forth a passionate song about a beautiful youth? To me it seems that all these questions must be answered 'in the negative.' Moreover, there are other reasons

if we read *tŭm-tĭ tĭ*, it is galloping. Of course we may scan an English dactylic hexameter thus: |–⏑⏑|–⏑⏑|–⏑⏑|–⏑⏑|–⏑⏑|–|
and so get rid of the triplet cadence; and indeed that is what the 'anapæstic suck,' as Prof. Saintsbury calls it, makes us tend always to do.

[1] It is now held, however, by some that the language of the Greek chorus was really old Attic.

against translating Theocritus into Scots, which in themselves would be sufficient. For example, Theocritus does not write Doric alone, he also uses Æolic and epic forms. These last naturally are taken from Homer and often occur in the heroic pieces. Now Homer was to the Greeks what the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton are to us. In translating Theocritus, therefore, one's diction ought sometimes surely to recall Milton, Shakespeare, and the Bible. This reason alone might almost preclude Scots. But, besides this, it cannot be too often insisted on that Theocritus, in spite of all his seeming *naïveté*, was not (as Burns, for example, was) an inspired yeoman, writing mainly for his own class. He was a subtle-minded, self-conscious and delicate artist, living at refined and voluptuous courts in a 'decadent' age of literature, and writing for the pleasure of kings. His style is the flower of a literary hot-house. It is composite, many-coloured, and not without reminiscent archaism. How then could the language of such a poet be transmuted into the language of a people among whose literary qualities 'literary quality' can scarcely be reckoned prominent? No doubt Theocritus had profoundly felt the charm of Sicilian peasant life, just as, it might perhaps be argued, Allan Ramsay had felt the charm of the peasant life he knew. But what a difference there is in the two *milieux*! How unlike Daphnis is to Patie! How different are the wooded slopes of Etna from the bleak Pentland Hills! What a

leap in the imagination from Arethusa to the springs of Habbie's Howe! One concession however I have made to the claims of the dying Scottish tongue. I have occasionally used words which, though not unknown to English ears, are yet much commoner north of the Tweed, I mean homely and poetical words like *whiles*, *yestreen*, *remede*, etc.

I have mainly used the admirable edition of Fritzsche, as amended by Hiller (Ed. 1881), but I have not hesitated to borrow from Paley and Wordsworth when it seemed to me that their readings were better. I have also consulted Ziegler and Moellendorff. M. Legrand's exhaustive *Etude sur Théocrite* has been of great service to me, and I also derived some good ideas from the late R. J. Cholmeley's edition, though I could not always see eye to eye with him.

It has taken me nearly thirty years to bring the work to its present condition, and during that time I received help from several friends—help which I must here gratefully acknowledge.

My best thanks for much acute criticism and much sound advice were due to my friend and former tutor, the late Baron F. de Paravicini of Balliol, who kindly consented to revise my work. I have also to thank the following gentlemen for invaluable aid: Mr P. H. Pritchard, who bestowed endless trouble on my proof-sheets, Prof. A. C. Clark, Fellow of Corpus College, Oxford, who revised my work, Mr J. W. Mackail, late Fellow of Balliol, who gave me some useful hints, Mr

William Lossel, who proved a most exacting but most stimulating critic, my old friend Mr Alfred Kalisch, and my young friend and former pupil Mr I. A. Richmond, both of whom gave me some excellent suggestions.

Translations of the Epigrams and other poems of Theocritus, and of the poems of Bion and Moschus, have now been added to the work. In the Lament for Adonis and the Lament for Bion I have used anapæstic hexameters (catalectic and acatalectic) but have not observed so strictly the metrical rules I laid down for myself in the case of Theocritus.

J. H. H.

LONDON, *Jan.* 1924.

# INTRODUCTION

## GREEK BUCOLIC POETRY

Greek bucolic poetry, as we know it, begins, if it does not end, with Theocritus.

No doubt there already existed in his time a certain body of popular country-songs, but of these we are acquainted with only two, the "Sorrows of Daphnis" and a "Lityerses Song," of which poems the former occurs in the first Idyll, and the latter in the tenth. How far they were used, polished, and improved by Theocritus it is impossible to say—probably (and by analogy) a good deal. A man of genius "*prend son bien où il le trouve*," and makes it his. So Homer—if we may talk of such a person—did before Theocritus, and so Burns did after him.

But if Theocritus had no ancestors, he has had an enormous progeny; for it is not too much to say that he is the fountain-head of all European pastoral poetry. It is an amazing and significant fact that in almost every line of human achievement the Greeks have shown the way, and this is especially so in literature and in art. (Music seems to be the only art in which the modern world certainly excels the ancient.) In epic,

lyric, and dramatic poetry, they were pioneers and masters, and when the Greek genius seemed about to lose itself in the quicksands of Alexandrian pedantry, there arose this wonderful new kind of poetry, the pastoral. "*Admirabilis in suo genere*," says Quintilian of Theocritus, and admirably true is the criticism. His was the last great poetic effort due to the Hellenic Muse; for, after Theocritus, we have hardly any first-rate Greek poetry. Bion and Moschus are charming, delicate, and pleasing, but the decadence is quite sensible; they are leading the way to the conceits and mere prettiness of the later Greek writers and to all the simpering and insincere *bergeries* of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France, Italy, and England.

One great poet, and one alone, stands between Theocritus and modern writers of pastoral, and that poet is Virgil.

Now, before entering upon a disquisition on the Idylls, I should like to say a few words about the Eclogues, regarded both absolutely and in relation to my subject here.

The Eclogues of Virgil are among the most exquisite and at the same time most artificial poetry we possess. They are much more artificial than the Idylls of Theocritus, and much less artistic. Yet, by a strange paradox, they are more profoundly charming! Virgil was a very much greater poet than Theocritus, and his depth and greatness show themselves even in those

artificial poems. Let us be under no illusion here. The poet of the "Gallus" (Ec. X) is a much greater spirit than the poet of the "Thalusia" (Id. VII), though the former poem is far inferior to the latter. Virgil, in his Eclogues, has passages and lines of an incomparable and haunting beauty that we never find in Theocritus. He is a "lord of language," and he has a tenderness and depth of soul that make one understand how the Christians of the Middle Ages could not think that he was among the "Lost," but had been privileged to prophesy of the Messiah. Nothing of that kind can be said about our poet. He is a pagan of the pagans. There is not a touch of sadness, not a hint of sympathy with suffering in all his work; he never feels "sick and sorry"; he has no melancholy; the "beauty of sorrow" would have been quite unintelligible to him. He has no yearning, no tears, whereas these are to be found in Virgil almost as much as in any modern poetry. That is a most arresting fact. All is sunshine in the Idylls, or, if a shadow does come, it is clear-cut, thin and transitory. There are no half-shades, no shimmering lights, no mists. On the other hand there is an artistry that makes even Virgil seem a 'prentice hand.' That unerring *rightness* of Greek art is as conspicuous in Theocritus as it is in Homer or in Sophocles. No Italian could attain to it; it is the birthright of the Greeks. To illustrate what I mean, let us look at a few passages from Virgil and compare them with

analogous passages in Theocritus. And first, as an example of Virgil's artistic inferiority, let us contrast the incantation scene in the eighth Eclogue with that in the second Idyll. The former is obviously imitated from the latter, and there is a curious frigidity about it, whereas the second Idyll is one of the most striking and original poems of all Antiquity, and glows with fierce latent passion. Virgil's poem has some superfluous far-fetched touches in it; in that of Theocritus there is not a word too many, nothing to interrupt the flow of the passionate soliloquy of the forsaken girl. Take the lines :—

[1] *Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit*
*Uno eodemque igni : sic nostro Daphnis amore.*
*Sparge molam et fragiles incende bitumine laurus.*
*Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide laurum.*

*Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.*
(*Ecl.* VIII, 80-84)

and compare them with :—

[2] ὡς τοῦτον τὸν κηρὸν ἐγὼ σὺν δαίμονι τάκω
ὡς τάκοιθ' ὑπ' ἔρωτος ὅ Μύνδιος αὐτίκα Δέλφις.

[1] As this loam grows hard, and this wax soft in one and the same fire : so may Daphnis in the fire of my love ! Sprinkle meal and kindle the crackling laurel-leaves with pitch. The evil-hearted Daphnis burns me and I burn this laurel-leaf in Daphnis' name. (Bring Daphnis home from the city, bring him home, my songs.)

[2] As I melt this wax with the help of Heaven, so may the Myndian Delphis now melt with love ; and as this brazen wheel is whirled by Aphrodite's power, so may he be whirled one day about my door ! (Magic wheel, draw thou that man to my house.)

χὡς δινεῖθ' ὅδε ῥόμβος ὁ χάλκεος ἐξ Ἀφροδίτας
ὥς τῆνος δινοῖτο ποθ' ἁμετέραισι θύραισιν.
Ἴυγξ, ἔλκε τὺ τῆνον ἐμὺν ποτὶ δῶμα τὺν ἄνδρα.

(*Id.* II, 28-32.)

Virgil's inferiority here is manifest. The comparison contained in the words "Limus ut hic durescit" is awkward and misleading; "bitumine" in the third line is unnecessary, and the fourth line is too antithetical for passionate speech.

Or, again, take :—

[1] *Nunc et oves ultro fugiat lupus, aurea duræ*
*Mala ferant quercus, Narcisso floreat alnus,*
*Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricæ,*
*Certent et cycnis ululæ, sit Tityrus Orpheus,*
*Orpheus in silvis, inter delphinas Arion!—*

*Incipe Mænalios mecum, mea tibia, versus—*

*Omnia vel medium fiant mare!*

and compare it with :—

[2] νῦν ἴα μὲν φορέοιτε βάτοι φορέοιτε δ' ἄκανθαι
ἁ δὲ καλὰ νάρκισσος ἐπ ἀρκεύθοισι κομάσαι·

[1] Now may the wolf in fear flee from the sheep, hard oaks bear golden apples, the alder bloom with jonquils, the tamarisks sweat rich amber from their rind, and owls vie with swans; Tityrus be Orpheus—Orpheus in the woods, Arion among the dolphins! (Begin with me the Arcadian song, my pipe. Let all things e'en become mid-ocean!)

[2] Ye brambles and acanthus, now bear ye violets, and let the fair jonquil bloom on the junipers; let all things be mingled, let the pine grow pears, since Daphnis is dying; let the stag bait the dogs, and the mountain owls vie with the nightingales! (Ye Muses, cease, oh, cease the country-song.)

πάντα δ' ἔναλλα γένοιντο, καὶ ἁ πίτυς ὄχνας ἐνείκαι,
Δάφνις ἐπεὶ θνάσκει, καὶ τὼς κύνας ὤλαφος ἔλκοι
κἠξ ὀρέων τοὶ σκῶπες ἀηδόσι δηρίσαιντο.
λήγετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι ἴτε λήγετ' ἀοιδᾶς.

(*Id.* I, 132-137.)

The Virgilian passage is spoilt by the otiose and frigid line :—

"*Orpheus in silvis, inter delphinas Arion.*"

As for "omnia vel medium fiant mare," it seems to be an unfortunately erroneous reminiscence of

πάντα δ' ἔναλλα γένοιντο.

On the other hand take such passages as :—

[1] *Alpinas a, dura, nives et frigora Rheni*
*Me sine sola vides. A, te ne frigora lædant!*
*A, tibi ne teneras glacies secet aspera plantas!*

(*Ecl.* X, 47-49)

or :—

[2] *Tristis at ille : "tamen cantabitis, Arcades" inquit*
*Montibus hæc vestris : soli cantare periti*
*Arcades. O, mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,*
*Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!*

(*Ecl.* X, 31-34.)

[1] Ah, hard-hearted one, alone and far from me thou beholdest the snows and frosty banks of the Rhine. Ah, may the frosts not harm thee; ah, may no rough ice cut thy tender feet!

[2] Sadly he replied: 'And yet, O Arcadians, ye will sing these words to your mountains. Only the Arcadians are skilled to sing. Oh, how softly would my bones rest then, if one day your pipe should chant my love!'

Is there not a beauty about those lines—especially about the two last lines of the last passage—that almost brings the tears to one's eyes ?

Then again such single lines as :—

"*Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ*"

(And longer shadows fall from the high mountains) (*Ecl.* I, 83)

or :—

"*Ite domum saturæ, venit Hesperus, ite capellæ*"

(Go homewards go, my full-fed goats, the evening comes) (*Ecl.* X, 77)

have a pensive and wistful loveliness about them that remind one of the paintings of Millet and Corot. This is quite alien to the genius of Theocritus. Once and once only, is there a hint of it, and that is in the "Sorrows of Daphnis" poem in the first Idyll—a poem which he took from the lips of Sicilian peasants. Yet, even there, it is pathos rather than pensiveness that we find. After all, Theocritus was a Southerner and Virgil a Northerner. That, doubtless, might explain much. It is a 'far cry' from Mantua to Syracuse.

But now to consider the Idylls in themselves.

It seems to me that four out of the number stand far above the rest, and those are the first, the second, the seventh and the eighth. Of these four poems, my feeling is that on the whole the

seventh Idyll is the finest. There is a richness and splendour about it that distinguish it from the others. The first Idyll is indeed very beautiful, and with (as I have said) a touch of pathos in it, which we find nowhere else in Theocritus. The second has great power and passion, but the seventh has an exuberance of poetic wealth, and, towards the end of the poem, such a description of natural scenery as is unmatched anywhere in Greek literature—a description that almost seems made for description's sake, and not as a mere background for human happenings, as is the usual Greek way. The eighth excels in pure charm. That great critic Ste. Beuve puts it first; but there I venture to think that he is *par exception*, wrong. The eighth Idyll is a much slighter piece of work than the other three. Delicate, pretty and charming it indeed is, but it has no element of greatness in it. On the other hand the subject of the death of Daphnis (in the first Idyll) is a beautiful one in itself, and one which was known to the whole Grecian world of Sicily, while in the seventh the song about Ageanax and the concluding description of the Winnowing-Feast touch the very height of poetical achievement in the domain of pastoral poetry. There is a splendour of artistry about these two last, a glory of rhythm and colour that remind one of the paintings of Rubens. Each passage ends with a line whose superb sonorousness rings and echoes in the ear as few Theocritean lines do.

ἀδὺ μελισδόμενος κατεκέκλισο θεῖε Κομᾶτα

(*Id.* VII, 89)

and

δράγματα καὶ μάκωνας ἐν ἀμφοτέραισιν ἔχοισα

(*Id.* VII, 157)

are magnificent endings. The second Idyll (which like the fifteenth was probably sometimes acted by young gentlewomen of Alexandria) is certainly one of the most strikingly original, powerful and passionate of all the Theocritean poems, and, like all first-class classical work, is intensely romantic—that is to say, the subject is a strange and intensely moving one. It is said that to this day in Sicily young girls in poor Simætha's plight perform similar incantations—only they address their prayers to the Virgin Mary and not to Hecate. This poem too concludes with a singularly beautiful line :—

ἀστέρες εὐκάλοιο κατ' ἄντυγα Νυκτὸς ὀπαδοί.

(*Id.* II, 166.)

I quote those lines because they stand out in Theocritus' work by reason of their sonorousness. His verse does not seem to me to possess singing quality often. Take the opening lines of the first Idyll :—

ἀδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἁ πίτυς, αἰπόλε, τήνα
ἁ ποτὶ ταῖς παγαῖσι μελίσδεται, ἀδὺ δὲ καὶ τύ
συρίσδες· μετὰ Πᾶνα τὸ δεύτερον ἆθλον ἀποισῇ.

(*Id.* I, 1-3.)

Have they not, rather, the sound of wind blowing through a reed-bed? (Indeed, as a language, Greek does not seem to me to have the resonance of Latin, though having greater variety of sound.)

And now a few words as to the vexed question of the relative "naturalness," or the relative "artificiality" of the Idylls. As I have already said, the Eclogues of Virgil are quite artificial poems, and yet have a profound charm about them. His shepherds and goatherds are doubtless borrowed and literary creations, and not taken *sur le vif*.

The peasants of the Italy he knew were not the idyllic people we find in the Eclogues; they were of coarser mould. Virgil borrowed his peasantry pell-mell from the pages of Theocritus, just as he borrowed lines and half-lines from the same source. Occasionally in the Eclogues we have Virgil himself and his friends under feigned names like Tityrus, Corydon and Melibœus, just as we have Theocritus and *his* friends occasionally in the Idylls under such names as Simichides, Lycidas and Amyntas. That is quite true, but whereas in Virgil we *always* have merely literary figures, in Theocritus we often have authentic Sicilian Greek peasants. Doubtless they are looked at through the eyes of an artist, and not through their own eyes. It is conceivable that the peasants of Sicily, had they been able to read Theocritus' poems about them, would have been somewhat scandalized and puzzled—just as (to

use a modern instance) English "Tommies" are said to be scandalized and puzzled by Mr Rudyard Kipling's "Soldiers Three," whom they regard as rather "low" personages! The peasant of Sicily was not a down-trodden person, and probably regarded himself as a very fine fellow, and, even when a slave, dreamt of himself as a master of flocks and herds. The realism of Theocritus would probably have somewhat shocked him. But Theocritus gives the *vraie vérité* about him, and lets us see not only the frank coarseness of his nature, but also his child-like charm—a charm of which he himself was doubtless quite unconscious. One must always remember that the peasants of Sicily in the third century B.C. were not like the peasants of Britain in the twentieth century A.D. They lived in sunshine and light-heartedness, and loved to sing and dance. They had singing-contests in which extemporary verses were sung. (Even to this day the Sicilian peasants at their merry-makings sing improvised antiphonal songs.) Theocritus merely took what was already there and gave it artistic form.

Another point to be remembered is that whereas Virgil and his friends certainly did not dress up as peasants, Theocritus and his friends probably did. And this would be no mere masquerade. My belief is that in the seventh Idyll we have a perfectly true picture of Theocritus and his friends holiday-making in the island of Cos. They probably did at such times dress

as shepherds and goatherds, and do shepherds' and goatherds' work in return for free quarters and food among the island land-owners. Have not young Oxford men been known to do similar things ? The " Thalusia " (Id. VII) seems to me a sort of Greek " Bothy." Theocritus and his friends were spending a " long vacation " in Cos, and there enjoying work and play, wine-drinking and love-making. Being young professional men they needed a rest from study, and found change of occupation, combined with country pursuits and literary talk, just what they required. There is such a breath of jollity about this Idyll, that one feels there *must* have been a summer's day spent in Cos on the farm of Phrasidemus and Antigenes at Pyxa.

Theocritus is not artificial in any derogatory sense of the word ; he is artistic—a very different, though not incompatible, thing.

The thirty-one Idylls here translated are probably not all of them genuine. Grave doubts have been cast on several, *e.g.* Ids. XIX, XX, XXI, XXIII, XXVII, and XXXI. Such questions however do not concern us here.

Bion of Smyrna and Moschus the Sicilian are the only followers of Theocritus in what may be called " classical " times. Of these we only possess very little, but sufficient to show that they were poets of fine quality, though inferior to Theocritus. It is a pity we have not more of their work.

One of the most beautiful passages in all Greek

literature occurs in Moschus' Lament for Bion. Let me transcribe it here :—

> αἰαῖ ταὶ μαλάχαι μέν, ἐπὰν κατὰ κᾶπον ὄλωνται
> ἠδὲ τὰ χλωρὰ σέλινα τό τ' εὐθαλὲς οὖλον ἄνηθον
> ὕστερον αὖ ζώοντι καὶ εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο φύοντι·
> ἄμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καρτεροί, οἱ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,
> ὁππότε πρᾶτα θάνωμες, ἀνάκοοι ἐν χθονὶ κοίλᾳ
> εὕδομες εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νήγρετον ὕπνον.[1]
>
> (Mosch., *Lament for Bion*, 99-104.)

Nothing could surpass the sad loveliness of these lines.

J. H. H.

[1] Alas! when the mallows fade in the garden, and the green parsley and the lush curling dill, they afterwards live again, and grow the next year; but we, the mighty and strong, we men so wise, when we die, sleep unheeding in the hollow earth a long, long, endless, unawakening sleep.

# THEOCRITUS

## I

## THE SONG OF THE DEATH OF DAPHNIS

THYRSIS

Sweet is the music of yon whispering pine
Beside the springs ; and sweetly pipest thou,
Goatherd. For thee, next after Pan, the award.
If his the hornèd buck, thine were the dam ;
If his the dam, to thee the kid should fall,—
And dainty flesh have kids as yet unmilked.

GOATHERD

Sweeter thy singing, shepherd, is to me
Than the resounding murmur of the lynn
Which pours from yonder crag ; and were the lamb
To be the Muses' guerdon, thine should be
The fatling of the fold ; chose they the fatling,
Thine were the ewe.

THYRSIS

I prithee by the Nymphs,
I prithee, goatherd, seat thee by the knoll
That rises here among the tamarisks,
And pipe to me—I'll tend thy goats the while.

GOATHERD

Nay, shepherd, nay ; in the heat of summer noon
I dare not pipe ; for at that hour doth Pan,
Weary with hunting, take his rest, and him
I fear. Savage of mood is he, and Wrath
Sits fierce and grim above his nostrils ever.
But thou art skilled the Daphnis-dirge to sing,
And well hast learned the country Muse's lore.
Come, sit we, Thyrsis, underneath this elm,
Fronting Priapus and the water-nymphs,
Here where the oaks are and the shepherd's bench.
If but thou sing to-day as once thou sang'st
In strife with Libyan Chromis, thine shall be
Three milkings of this goat—she suckles twins,
Yet none the less two pailfuls more can yield—
And thine shall be a drinking-cup, twy-eared,
Well waxed, new-made, still smelling of the chisel,
Around whose lip there twines an ivy-wreath
With everlastings pranked ; the spray below
Winds happy in its own gold fruit. Between,
Divinely wrought, a woman stands, adorned
With robe and snood ; on either hand of her
A man with fair long hair, who each with the other
Wrangles in words, nor moves her heart at all ;
But now she smiles and looks on one, now throws
Her light heart to his rival. They, poor lads,
Are heavy-eyed, and vex themselves in vain.
An aged fisher, too, is carved thereon,
Who standing on a rough ledge gathers up
His ample fishing-net to make a cast,

Toiling amain. With all the force of his limbs
He seems to work, each sinew of his neck
Swelling ; the greybeard has a youthlike strength.
Anigh that wave-worn sire a vineyard bows
Beneath its comely load of ruddy grapes ;
A little boy sits on a dry-stone wall
To watch and ward ; two foxes round him roam ;
One prowls among the vine-rows pillaging
The riper clusters, while the other plots
A raid on the lad's wallet, and has vowed
To wreck his morning meal. But he the while
Weaves for himself a pretty grasshopper-net
With asphodel, fitting it on a rush,
And heeds no whit his wallet or the vines,
So happy in his plaiting. About the cup
The soft acanthus spreads ; a marvel 'tis
Of dazzling art—a miracle to see.
To the mariner from Calydon I gave
A she-goat and a large white cheese for it.
Ne'er have my lips yet touched it, it remains
Unhanselled. Gladly will I give it thee,
If thou wilt sing me that delightful lay.
I mock thee not.—Come, friend, thou can'st not take
Thy ditty with thee unto Acheron,
To Acheron where all things are forgot.

THYRSIS

*Oh, raise, dear Muses, raise a country-song.*

Thyrsis of Etna am I; oh, hark to him sweetly singing!
Where were ye, Nymphs, ah, where, when Daphnis pined away?
Not where Anapus flows, or the waters of Acis are springing;
Not on Etna's peak, but on Pindus, or Tempe's knolls that day.
*O raise, dear Muses, raise a country-song.*

(Him e'en jackals wailed, and for him wolves raised a moaning,
The lion came from the woods and mourned for the fair dead youth.
At his feet was a throng of kine and oxen weeping and groaning,
The heifers and heifer-calves lamented for pity and ruth.)
*O Muses, raise again the country-song.*

First from the hill came Hermes and said: 'What sorrow assails thee,
Daphnis? Whom dost love? Prithee, dear lad, tell me true.'
All were gathered together and said: 'Oh, tell what ails thee'—
Shepherds, goatherds, hinds. Priapus came there too,—
*O Muses, raise again the country-song.*

And said to him : ' Why, poor Daphnis, pine like
an idle dreamer ?
By every woodland and spring the lass is roaming
now.
Thee she desires, thou laggard-in-love, thou sorry
schemer ;
A neatherd once thou wast hight, but now like a
goatherd art thou.
*O Muses, raise again the country-song.*

When the goatherd sees his flock at their wanton
amorous playing,
He weeps and says to himself : " Ah, would I were
one of you ! "
And thou, beholding the girls when they laugh,
would'st fain be a-maying
With them in the dance, fond youth, and thine
eyes are wet with dew.'
*O Muses, raise again the country-song.*

Not a word did the herdsman speak, nor heeded
he their beguiling,
But held through his bitter love to the bitter end
of death.
*O Muses, raise again the country-song.*

And the goddess of Cyprus came ; in her heart
she was sweetly smiling,
But anger she feigneth still and a cruel word she
saith :

'Daphnis, thy vaunt was once that Love were a paltry foeman—
Hast thou not tried a fall, and been thrown by the strong god now?'
*O Muses, raise again the country-song.*

And he answered and said: 'Fell Cypris, accursèd, dear to no man,
I shall ne'er see the dawn again? So be it!—yet hearken, thou.
E'en in the underworld shall Daphnis be Love's undoing.—
*O Muses, raise again the country-song.*

To Ida begone, where once in the depths of an oak-wood vale
To a herdsman's lust thou did'st yield, to the voice of Anchises' wooing;
Sheltering oaks are there—here, nought but galingale!
In his bloom is Adonis too, his flock to the pasture leading;
His arrow smites the hare, and in hunting he takes delight.—
To Diomede hie thee then, and say to him:
"Daphnis is bleeding,
Daphnis the herdsman—lo, I challenge thee to the fight!"
*O Muses, raise again the country-song.*

Ye jackals and wolves, ye bears that in hill-caves
have your den,
Farewell, for Daphnis the herdsman ye ne'er shall
behold again ;
No more shall the thicket know him, the grove
shall know him no more ;
Farewell, Arethusa, farewell, bright streams that
from Thymbris pour.
Low lieth Daphnis now that herded his kine once
here,
And led to the side of the water his heifer-calf and
steer.
*O Muses, raise again the country-song.*

Pan, O Pan, art roaming the high Lycæan brow,
Or ranging Mænalus' hill ?—To Sicily speed thee
now.
The barrow of Helice leave, and the cairn upon
Arcas' grave,
That marvel to blessèd gods—Come hither across
the wave—
*Oh, cease, ye Muses, cease the country-song.*

Hither and take this pipe, wax-banded, a lovely
thing,
My pan-pipe honey-sweet, that curves on the lip,
O King !
For Love will hale me away unto Hades' house
ere long.
*Oh, cease, ye Muses, cease the country-song.*

On you, O acanthus and bramble, may violets blossom now
And rife may the fair white jonquil wave on the juniper bough!
All things madly be mingled, for Daphnis lieth alow,
Hounds be baited by harts, and pears on the pine-tree grow,
Owls of the hillside vie with the nightingales' warbling throng!'
*Oh, cease, ye Muses, cease the country-song.*

These were his words, these only, and fain had she been to restore him,
But the thread of his life had failed from the Fates, and now was an end.
To the river of Death he sped, and away the waters bore him,
A man by the Nymphs belov'd, and the Muses called him friend.
*Oh, cease, ye Muses, cease the country-song.*

Bring hither now the goat for me to milk,
And give the cup, that I may make libation
Unto the Muses. Muses, fare ye well—
Oh, fare ye well! Some other while I'll sing
A sweeter song.

GOATHERD

O Thyrsis, may thy mouth
Be filled with honey and the honeycomb!

Sweet figs of Ægilus be thine to eat !
For never a cicala sings like thee.
Take the cup, friend, and note its fragrant smell—
Thou'lt ween that in the fountain of the Hours
It hath been dipped. Hither, Cissætha, hither !
Go, milk her, thou. Ye other she-goats there,
Beware the he-goat's horns and cease your skipping !

## II

## THE INCANTATION

SIMÆTHA

Where are the bay-leaves ?—bring them, Thestylis—
And where the drugs that work love-witcheries ?
Go wreathe the bowl with yarn of crimson stain,
That I may fetter Him who cruel is.

These twelve days past he hath not come to me,
Nor knows he if alive or dead I be ;
He hath not beaten at my door, the churl ;
Some new Love holds his fickle fantasy.

To-morrow to the wrestling-school I'll go,
And to his face upbraid him with my woe ;
But now shall glamour bind him. Brightly shine,
Moon, for to thee will I sing soft and low.

I sing also to nether Hecate,
Her whom the trembling hounds with terror see
Coming athwart the barrows and the blood—
All hail, dread goddess ! bide thou near to me.

Make my spell strong as that of Circe fair,
Or Perimede of the golden hair,
Who knew all secret poisons of the earth
And puissant as Medea's deadly snare.
*Turn, magic wheel, and draw my Love to me.*

The barley first shall burn in Delphis' name ;
Sprinkle it, Thestylis.—Would'st mock my shame,
Thou shameless one ? Whither have flown thy wits ?
Say : ' Delphis' bones I sprinkle in the flame.'
*Turn, magic wheel, and draw my Love to me.*

Delphis hath wronged me, and I burn this bay
In name of Delphis ; as it wastes away,
Crackling in sudden flare, no ashes seen,
So be his flesh to fiery flames a prey !
*Turn, magic wheel, and draw my Love to me.*

Lo, as I melt this wax, and Heaven implore,
So may love melt the Myndian to the core ;
And as love's goddess whirls this brazen wheel,
So whirl she *him* one day about my door !
*Turn, magic wheel, and draw my Love to me.*

The chaff I'll burn now ; Artemis, thy spell
Can shake the very adamant of Hell.—
Hark, Thestylis, the dogs howl through the city !
The Queen is at the cross-roads—beat the bell.
*Turn, magic wheel, and draw my Love to me.*

Lo, now the winds and seas asleep are laid,
But my heart's ache sleeps not and is not stayed,
Ah me, for I am all aflame for him
That left me not a wife nor yet a maid !
*Turn, magic wheel, and draw my Love to me.*

Whether with girl or boy my leman lie,
Thrice will I make libation, thrice will cry:
'May his new Love be left, as Theseus' bride
Was left on Dia in the days gone by!'
*Turn, magic wheel, and draw my Love to me.*

Upon Arcadia's hills a herb doth grow
Whereof the fleet mares taste, and madness know;
May I see Delphis from the wrestling-school
Rush to my threshold, maddened even so!
*Turn, magic wheel, and draw my Love to me.*

This tassel once from Delphis' cloak was shed;
The blazing fire shall burn it every shred.
Ah, grievous love, why hast thou clung to me
Leech-like, until of all my life I'm bled!
*Turn, magic wheel, and draw my Love to me.*

An eft I'll bray to-morrow and shall bear
A philtre unto him.—Now hie thee there
With these weird herbs and crush them, Thestylis,
High on his door-post while the signs be fair;
And, hark thou, when about it, bear in mind
To spit and say: 'Here Delphis' bones I grind!'
*Turn, magic wheel, and draw my Love to me.*

Now she is gone, I will weep for my love and my miseries.
Where to begin? Who wrought them? Eubulus' daughter young,
Anaxo, basket on head, to the grove of Artemis
Went with a wild-beast train—a lioness thereamong.
*Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.*

Theucarides' Thracian nurse (dear soul, she is now no more),
Who dwelt anigh my home, besought me to go with her there
To view the pageant. I went, and a long linen robe I wore,
And over its folds was flung Clearista's mantle fair.
*Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.*

Half way, by the homestead of Lycon, I saw together go
Delphis and Eudamippus; their beards were as golden flame
Of the everlasting flowers, and their breasts had a brighter glow
Than thine, O Moon; for the youths from the glory of wrestling came.
*Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.*

I saw, I maddened, I loved, deep-smitten unto the core,
And little I recked of the pageant, my beauty wasted away;
And I wot not how I won to my home, but fever sore
Shattered me on my couch for many a night and day.
*Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.*

My flesh waxed e'en like saffron in hue, and all my hair
Fell from my head; nought other than skin and bone was I.
To what old witch's abode did I not often repair,
But get no healing thence!—and the days went ever by.
*Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.*

To my slave-girl then at last I spake, and my words were sooth:
'Thestylis, find me a cure for love and its grievous blight:
The Myndian hath me in thrall; go thou and watch for the youth
By the wrestling-school, for there to seat him is his delight.
*Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.*

And when thou see'st him alone, nod lightly and
breathe in his ear:
"Simætha bids thee to her," then lead him
hither,' I said.
Swiftly she hied her and brought the smooth-
limbed boy to me here;
And when I beheld him cross my threshold with
nimble tread,—
*Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my*
*love.*

Colder than snow I grew, and the sweat in rain-
like streams
Brake from my brow, and not so much could I
say to him
As a slumbering child may lisp to its mother
beheld in dreams;
But like to an image of wax I was rigid in every
limb.
*Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my*
*love.*

False-hearted he gazed upon me, then cast his eyes
on the floor,
And sat him down on my bed, and sitting there
thus began:
'Simætha, thy summons outstripped my coming
here to thy door
As little as I one day Philinus the fair outran.
*Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my*
*love.*

Yea, by sweet Love, I had come unbidden at fall of night
With boon-fellows two or three, the dearest I could find—
In my bosom the wine-god's fruit, on my head the poplar white,
Heracles' chosen leaf with fillets of purple twined.
*Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.*

And well for you both had it been had ye opened, for all youths say
That comely and swift am I; and sleep my soul had assuaged,
Had I kissed thy fair mouth once; but had barred doors kept us away,
Then surely had torch and axe their warfare against you waged.
*Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.*

The Cyprian chiefly, I ween, my thanks for this boon hath earned,
And, next to the Cyprian, thou who hast reft me from the fire,
Bidding me hither come who am nigh unto ashes burned;
For fiercer than Lipara's flame is the flame of love's desire.
*Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.*

Oft hath it urged from her bower the maiden with passion mad,
And the bride from her lord's warm couch.'
He spake; I heard and was glad,
And took him, alas! by the hand and softly drew him alow
On the soft bed by my side, and our limbs began to glow,
And hotter became our cheeks and sweetly whispered we . . .
But wherefore blab the rest, dear Lady Moon, to thee?
Love's rites were accomplished; we there both tasted of love's delight;
And till but of late I found ever favour and grace in his sight,
As he did in mine; but to-day, at what hour the early Dawn
Up from the sea to the sky by her fleet-foot steeds was drawn,
The mother of Samian Philista the flute-girl hither came,
And told me of many things, but chiefly of Delphis' flame;
But whether to girl or boy my leman his homage pays,
She knew not rightly, she said,—this alone: that in *some* Love's praise
He aye bade pour of the wine unmixed, and fled in the end,
Vowing to deck with flowers the house of his 'darling friend.'

These were the stranger's words, and they're true, for aforetime he
Came oft and would oft-whiles leave his oil-flask here with me.
Alas! twelve days have gone, yet I have beheld him not.
Some new fancy hath ta'en him and me hath he quite forgot.
But now shall love-charms bind him; or, if he wrong me more,
And knock not at mine, by the Fates, he shall knock at Hades' door;
For belike 'tis for him, O Queen, dire drugs in my coffer lie,
Whose use an Assyrian stranger learned me in days gone by.

Farewell to thee now, O Lady! and turn thy steeds to the sea.
With a soul ever steadfast I will endure my hapless plight.
Farewell, thou shining goddess, Moon! and farewell, ye,
Ye other fires that follow the chariot of tranquil Night!

## III

## THE DESPERATE LOVER

I'LL sing to Amaryllis while my goats,
Tended by Tityrus, browse along the hill.
O Tityrus, my belov'd one, feed my goats,
And lead them to the spring, and oh, beware
The horns of yonder tawny Libyan buck!

Fair Amaryllis, why no more wilt thou call to me,
Me thy 'darling,' and peep from thy bower?
Am I loathed by thee?

Doth my nose seem flat, and my beard like a goat's, when thou look'st on my face?
Girl, thou wilt drive me to hang myself for this disgrace.

Lo! here, from whence thou bad'st me to gather them, half a score
Of apples I bring, and to-morrow I'll bring thee as many more.

Ah, look on my grievous woe! Ah, would that I
now might turn
Into the bee humming there, and win to thy shy
retreat,
Lightly thridding the ivy that clings and the
sheltering fern!

Now know I Love, that dreadful god. A lioness'
teat
He sucked, and was reared by his dam in an oak-
wood's deep recess.
He drives his dart to the bone; I am smouldering
in his heat.

Dark-browed girl of the lovely glance, thou dainti-
ness,
Fold thy goatherd to thee that so I may kiss thee,
dear;
For 'e'en in an empty kiss is a sweet delightful-
ness.'

Thou'lt make me rend in shreds the coronal I
bring here,
Of ivy and fragrant parsley and roses wreathed,
for thee.
What shall I do, alas, poor wretch! Wilt thou
not give ear?

I'll doff my cloak and leap from yon headland into
the sea,
Where Olpis the fisherman watches for tunny
down in the bay;
And if I be drowned—ah well—e'en so thou art
dear to me.

This bitter thing did I learn as I mused upon thee one day;
For a poppy-petal I smote as it lay on my fore-arm smooth,
And the love-in-absence made no smear but withered away.

Groio the sieve-divineress told me erewhile the truth,
She who would gather the hay by my side as I mowed on the lea;
For all my heart is thine, but thou reck'st not of me, poor youth.

A white she-goat with her twins have I been keeping for thee;
But Erithacis begs for them oft—she is darker of hue than thou,
And yet I will give them to her, for thou but playest with me.

My right eye quivers—shall I see her now?
Here by this pine I'll throw me down and sing;
Perchance she'll cast on me a pitying look;
Surely her heart is not of adamant.

Hippomenes yearned the maid to wed;
Apples he took and ran.
Love's wave went o'er Atalanta's head
When she beheld the man.

Melampus the prophet drove the neat
From Othrys to Pylos town,
And Alphesibœa's mother sweet
In Bias' arms lay down.

Adonis, upon the mountain-side,
So maddened with love's unrest
Love's goddess, that e'en in death he'll bide
For ever on her breast.

Happy Endymion is, I trow,
Who sleepeth and waketh not,
And ye profane, ye shall never know
Iasion's happy lot.

My head is aching, but what carest thou ?
I'll sing no more, but lay me down and die ;
And wolves shall batten on my flesh. May that
Be sweet to thee as honey in the mouth !

## IV

## COUNTRY TATTLE

BATTUS

Ho! Corydon, are these Philondas' kine?

CORYDON

Nay, Ægon's; but he gave them me to tend.

BATTUS

Dost milk them all at evening secretly?

CORYDON

Nay, for the old man puts the calves himself
Beneath the mothers, and keeps watch on me.

BATTUS

Whither is gone the master of the herd?

CORYDON

Dost thou not know? Milo hath ta'en him off
Unto Olympia.

BATTUS

Oh, and when had Ægon
Ever set eye upon the wrestler's oil?

CORYDON

Men say he is a match for Heracles
In strength and lustihood.

BATTUS

My mother says
That I'm a better man than Polydeuces!

CORYDON

He's ta'en a spade with him and twenty sheep!

BATTUS

Milo will 'teach the wolves to raven' next!

CORYDON

And now the heifers' lowing tells their loss.

BATTUS

Poor beasts! They have a sorry master too.

CORYDON

Poor beasts indeed! they care no more to browse.

BATTUS

That heifer-calf is but a ruck of bones.
Feeds it on dewdrops like the grasshopper?

CORYDON

Nay; whiles I lead her by Æsarus' banks,
And give her a fair wisp of tender grass;
And whiles she'll skip anigh Latumnus' woods.

BATTUS

That red bull's lean. Those starveling citizens,
The Lampriads, should get it when they make
To Hera sacrifice—the township's needy.

CORYDON

Yet to the Mere's mouth, and to Physcus' fields
He's sent a-browsing, and Neæthus' banks,
Where grows a foison of delightful herbs,
Share-wood and vetch and the sweet-smelling balm.

BATTUS

Alack! the kine will go to Hades too.
Fie, Ægon, on thy lust for victory!
I'll warrant that the pipe is mildewed o'er
Which erst thou madest!

CORYDON

Nay, by the Nymphs, not it.
For when the master parted Pisa-wards,
He left it as a gift to me, and I
A player am, for sweetly I can raise
The airs of Glauce and of Pyrrhus too,
The praises of fair Croto and Zacynthus
And easterly Lacinium, where of yore
The boxer Ægon by himself devoured
Four score of barley-cakes, and from the hill
Lugged by the hoof a bull, the which he gave
To Amaryllis, and the women screamed,
But he, the herdsman, laughed outright thereat.

BATTUS

O sweetest Amaryllis, thee alone
I never shall forget, though dead thou art.
Dear as my goats to me, so dear wert thou,
My lost one. Woe is me! what cruel god
Hath me in hold?

CORYDON

Come, be of better cheer,
Dear Battus; on the morrow things will mend.
'The quick have hope, only the dead have none'—
And 'Zeus gives now the sunshine, now the rain.'

BATTUS

'Tis nothing. Cudgel up the calves from there;
The brutes are nibbling at the olive-shoots.
Sh! sh! thou white-skin, sh!

CORYDON

Sh! sh! Cymætha!
Up to the hill, I say! By Pan, I'll come
And put harsh ending to thy pranks, unless
Thou get from there! See, how she edges back!
Would that I had a herdsman's crooked staff,
To beat thee with!

BATTUS

Oh, Corydon, look here,
In Heaven's name! A thorn has just run in
Beneath my ankle-bone. How thick they grow,
The spindle-thistles! Plague upon that calf!
I got the sting while gaping after her.
Can'st see the thorn?

CORYDON

Yes, yes, I hold it now
Between my finger-nails, and here it is!

BATTUS

How small a wound can quell a valiant man!

CORYDON

Ne'er come thou bare-foot to the mountain, Battus;
For prickly-thorns and briars flourish here.

BATTUS

Come, tell me, Corydon, doth Ægon still
Sport with that dark-haired beauty, once his flame?

CORYDON

Still, rascal, still! the other day I came
And found him very busy near the byre.

BATTUS

Well done, old wencher! Surely thou art sib
To the Satyrs and the goat-legg'd sons of Pan!

## V

## THE SINGING-MATCH

COMATAS

Away ! goats, from that shepherd of Sibyrtas,
Lacon ; he stole my goatskin yesterday.

LACON

Sh ! ewe-lambs, from that well there ; see ye not
Comatas, him who stole my shepherd's-pipe ?

COMATAS

What pipe, thou slave ? and when had'st thou a pipe ?
And why dost thou no more with Corydon
Sputter a tune upon thine oaten straw ?

LACON

The pipe which Lycon gave to me, sir freeman.—
But when did Lacon ever steal a fleece
From thee, Comatas ? E'en Eumarides
Thy master ne'er had aught to sleep upon.

COMATAS

'Twas Crocylus gave it me—a dappled one—
The day he slew the she-goat to the Nymphs ;
And thou did'st pine with envy even then,
Thou knave, and now at length hast rifled me.

LACON

Nay, by the Sea-shore Pan, it was not Lacon,
Calæthis' son, who stole thy fleecy coat,—
Else may I leap, a madman, into Crathis!

COMATAS

Nay, nay, my friend, by those nymphs of the mere
(Gracious and kind to me may they be ever!),—
'Twas ne'er Comatas filched thy shepherd's-pipe.

LACON

If I believe thee, Daphnis' woes be mine!
Yet if thou stake a kid—a paltry prize—
Then will I sing against thee till thou yield.

COMATAS

'The sow defied Athene'—Well, here stands
The kid, and do thou gage that fatted lamb.

LACON

How, rogue, can this an equal bargain be?
Who would a goat shear rather than a sheep?
As who would rather milk a wretched bitch,
Than milk a she-goat with a first-born kid?

COMATAS

He that would think, like thee, to worst his mate,—
A buzzing wasp against a sweet cicala!
But since thou deem'st the kid unequal gage,
Here is this he-goat—now begin the strife.

LACON

Nay, why such haste? Thou'rt not afire—thou'lt sing

More at thine ease beneath this olive-tree,
Where cooling water flows anigh the woods.
Here is lush grass, and here a couch is strewn,
And here are chattering crickets.

COMATAS

'Haste,' forsooth!
Nay, nay; but grievèd sore at heart am I
That thou should'st dare with those unswerving eyne
To look upon my face; for thee I taught,
When thou wast but a child—O Charity,
This is thine end! Now go and rear wolf-whelps,
As they were hounds, and be devoured by them!

LACON

When did I learn or hear aught fair from thee,
Thou envious and unseemly mannikin?

COMATAS

When I did that to thee which made thee weep,
The while the he-goats topped the bleating shes.

LACON

Thy grave be shallow, hunchback, as that insult!
Hither and sing!—'twill be thy last attempt.

COMATAS

Thither I will not. Oak and galingale
Are here, and bees hum sweetly round the hives.
Here be two springs of water fresh, and here
The birds are twittering on the bough; the shade
Is cooler than by thee, and from on high
The pine-tree flings her cones upon the ground.

LACON

Here thou shalt tread on sheep-skins and on wool
Softer than sleep. Thy goat-skins fouler smell
Than thou thyself. A great bowl of white milk
Will I set forth, another of sweet oil
Unto the Nymphs.

COMATAS

Come here, and thou shalt tread
Soft feathery-fern and flowering penny-royal;
And 'neath thee shall be strewn my she-goats' hides
Far softer than thy lamb-skins, and eight pails
Of milk will I set forth to Pan, and eight
Vessels with richest honeycombs therein.

LACON

Begin the singing-match from where thou art;
Tread thine own ground and keep thine oaks.
But who
Shall judge betwixt us, who? Would old Lycopas
The neatherd came this way!

COMATAS

I want not him;
But an thou wilt, let's call that woodcutter
Who's gathering heather nigh thee there. 'Tis
Morson.

LACON

Well, let us hail him.

COMATAS

Hail him, thou.

LACON

Ho! friend,
Hither and hark awhile; for we two strive
For mastery in song. Show me no favour,
Morson, nor give to him more than his due.

COMATAS

Yea, by the Nymphs, dear Morson, to Comatas
Grant only what is just, nor favour Lacon.
Those sheep are Thurian Sibyrtas' flock,
These goats, Eumarides the Sybarite's.

LACON

In the god's name, rogue, who asked thee if the flock
Were mine or master's?—babbler that thou art!

COMATAS

My best of men, I ever tell the truth;
No boaster I—too saucy is thy tongue.

LACON

Come, say thy say, and let our friend return
Alive to his town. Pan, what a chatterer!

COMATAS

The Muses love me better far than Daphnis and his lay;
For unto them I offered up two kids upon a day.

LACON

And me Apollo loves full well; a ram for him I rear;—
The day of shepherd festival, the Carnea, draweth near.

COMATAS

The she-goats *I* milk all have twins—barren are only twain ;
The maiden looked and cried, ' Alack, dost milk alone, poor swain ? '

LACON

Aha ! but Lacon fills a score of baskets with his cheese,
And fondly clasps the boy he loves upon the flowery leas.

COMATAS

With apples Clearista pelts the goatherd with his flock ;
And as I pass doth purse her lips and chirp with pretty mock.

LACON

To meet my smooth-cheeked Cratidas drives me the shepherd mad,
For softly float upon his neck the love-locks of the lad.

COMATAS

Nay, who wind-flower or briony would liken to the rose
That in a bed beside the wall within a garden grows ?

LACON

And who than apples of the hill would acorns rather eat ?
To these the oak gives bitter husks, but those are honey-sweet.

COMATAS

A cushat will I straightway steal from off the juniper
Whereon it ever wonts to brood, and give it unto her.

LACON

And I shall have a woolly fleece for Cratidas to keep,
To make a cloak withal, when I shall clip that dusky sheep.

COMATAS

Sh! from the olives, bleating goats, come hither from below;
Here is a sloping knoll, and here are tamarisks enow.

LACON

Back from that oak-tree, Conarus; Cymætha, browse this way,
Where old Phalarus crops the slope which fronts the rising day.

COMATAS

A cup and mixing-bowl are mine, cut from the cypress-tree;
Praxiteles the maker was—I keep them, Love, for thee.

LACON

My dog can throttle wolves, and holds the flock in loving thrall;
Him will I give to thee, Belov'd, to hunt wild beasts withal.

COMATAS

Crickets that overleap my hedge, for pity's sake, I pray,
No mischief do unto my vines, for youngling plants are they.

LACON

Ho there, cicalas, look and see how I the goatherd sting!
This is the same way ye annoy the reapers when ye sing.

COMATAS

I loathe the foxes bushy-tailed, that come at shut of eve,
And round by Micon's vineyard prowl a grape or two to thieve.

LACON

I hate the lady-birds that come a-sailing on the breeze
To where Philondas grows his figs, and feed their fill on these.

COMATAS

Dost thou remember how I played a merry jest on thee,
And how thou did'st enjoy the sport, and cling to yonder tree?

LACON

Not I; but well I mind that thou wast bound to that same oak,
And cudgelled by Eumarides, who stinted ne'er a stroke.

COMATAS

Ha! Morson, dost thou note how sore my gibes
his bosom harrow?—
Go pluck me withered squills [1] forthwith from off
some dead man's barrow.

LACON

Methinks I'm hurting *somebody*. Did'st note it,
Morson, then?—
Go hie thee unto Hales' banks, and dig up
cyclamen.

COMATAS

May Himera now flow with milk, and Crathis
blush with wine,
And berry-clusters rich and ripe upon the marsh-
wort shine!

LACON

May Sybaris' fountain honey pour, that so at early
dawn,
Instead of water, honey-dew in the maid's pail be
drawn!

COMATAS

My she-goats browse on clover-shrub and goats-
wort on the lea;
They tread on lentisk leaves, and lie beneath the
strawberry-tree.

[1] Squills and cyclamen were, presumably, cures for madness.

LACON

My ewes feed on the balsam sweet that on their pasture grows,
And rock-flower blooming rife and fair with blossoms like the rose.

COMATAS

Alcippe kissed me not when I gave her a cushat-dove,
Nor took my face between her hands—her I no longer love.

LACON

But dear to me Eumedes is, and dearly he loves me;
For when I gave a pipe to him, he kissed me heartily.

COMATAS

It is not meet the nightingale be challenged by the jay,
Nor swans by hoopoes—but, alack! thou dearly lov'st a fray.

MORSON

I bid the shepherd cease. To thee, Comatas,
Morson awards the ewe-lamb. Sacrifice her
Unto the Nymphs, and then to Morson send
Straightway a portion of her dainty flesh.

COMATAS

By Pan, I'll send it. Frolic, all my herd
Of young he-goats, and mark how I shall crow
Over the shepherd Lacon; for at last
I've won the lamb. I'll skip you to the sky.
Cheerly, my hornèd ones! to-morrow morn
I'll wash you all in Sybaris' lake.—Ho there!
Thou wanton white-face, if thou dare to back
One of the shes, I'll geld thee ere I slay
The ewe-lamb to the Nymphs.—Again he tries!
May I become Melanthius, and no more
Be called Comatas, an I geld thee not!

## VI

## POLYPHEMUS AND GALATEA

Damœtas and the herd-boy Daphnis once,
To the same spot, O Aratus, on a day
Together drove their kine. The chin of the one
Was touched with golden down; the other bore
A youthful beard. Both sat them by a spring
That summer morn, and sang these lays; and first
Daphnis began, for he was challenger.

'Look how the sea-nymph pelts thy flock, Polyphemus, with apples,
Mocking the "goatherd man," calling him "laggard-in-love."
Fool! thou regardest not, but sittest merrily piping.
Ah, there again, there again! look at her pelting the dog!
Faithful guard of the flock, he scampers along where the ripples
Break with a gentle plash, sees his reflection and yelps.
Heed well lest he should leap on the limbs of the maid when she cometh
Forth from the sea, and the girl's beautiful body be torn.

Look how she wantons there and sports in the midst of the water,
E'en as a thistle-down tuft sports in the mid-summer heat!
Wooed, she will flee, but shunned, will chase, and hazard her utmost.
Oft, Polyphemus, with love evil and good are the same.'

Damœtas, answering, thus began to sing :—

'Yea, by Pan but I saw her, the while she pelted my flock there,
Saw with my one dear eye—mine it will be to the end;
Plague upon Telemus' mouth which once spake curses about it—
Let them go back and roost over the babes in his home!
I too at whiles tease *her*, and scorn to return her glances,
Saying another girl now bides with me here as my Love.
Jealous then she becomes and pines, I swear by Apollo,
Angrily too from the sea spies on the caves and the flocks.
Whiles I hiss my hound on to bark at her, since at my wooing
He with a plaintive whine nestled his nose on her thigh.

Haply beholding this oft she will one day send me
an envoy ;
Ah, but my door shall be closed till she declare
with an oath
She herself will spread my couch for me here on
this island.
Ay, nor indeed is my shape all so uncouth to
behold !
Once on a day as I looked at my face in the calm of
the ocean,
Fair to me seemed this beard, lovely methought
was my eye,
Whiter my teeth too shone than the gleam of
Parian marble ;
Thrice in my breast did I spit lest I should envy
arouse.
This was a charm which old Cotyttaris learned me
aforetime,
She who would often of yore pipe to Hippocion's
hinds.' [1]

Thus sang Damœtas ; then he kissed his friend,
And gave a pipe, and Daphnis gave his flute.
Damœtas fluted and the herdsman piped,
While heifer-calves skipped on the tender grass ;
Neither prevailed ; unworsted were they both.

[1] Probably interpolated from x. 16.

## VII

## THE WINNOWING-FEAST

Once on a time three friends walked forth from the city together,
Eucritus, I, and Amyntas, along to the Hales wending.
There Phrasidemus and Antigenes, two sons of Lycopes,
Thanking the goddess of earth, were dighting a feast of the firstlings—
Sprung from the worthies of old they twain, from Clyte and Chalcon,
Chalcon who pressed his knee on the rock and struck from his heel there
Fount Burina; the elms and poplars clustering round it
Mingle their shadowy boughs and over it arch their leafage.
Scarce were we midway yet, nor as yet had Brasilas' head-stone
Ris'n on our view, when lo! we there by the grace of the Muses
Met with a Cydon man named Lycidas—he was a goatherd;
None could have other deemed him, for truly he looked very like one.

Dangling adown his back was a pale-yellow hide of a he-goat
Hairy and shaggy and thick, still smelling fresh of the rennet.
Round his breast was an old and broad-buckled mantle; his right hand
Wielded a goatherd's crook—'twas made from the wood of the olive.
Boldly, with smiling eyes and lips full of laughter, he hailed me:
'Simichides, whither dragg'st thy feet in the blaze of the noonday,
Now when the lizard sleeps in the wall and never a crested
Lark flits by? To a banquet, a guest unbidden art hieing?
Tread'st thou the vat with a friend, so gaily the pebbles are rattling
Round thy well-shod feet on the roadway?'

Him then I answered:—
'Lycidas, all men say that among both herdsmen and mowers
First of the pipes is thine, and for that my bosom rejoices;
Yet, perchance, I too were a rival to fear. This journey
Tends to a firstling-feast; for a band of companions is holding
Solemn festival glad to Demeter the fair-robed goddess,

Her who with bountiful hand hath filled their garner with barley.
Come, for the day and way are the same for us, ay, let a country-
Ditty be sung by us now! Mayhap we shall learn some secrets
Each from the other, for I am a clear-toned voice of the Muses.
All men call me the best of the bards, but ne'er do I heed them,
No, by Heaven, no; for I wot that Samian poet,
Good Sicelides, yea, and Philetas, would yet be my masters.
Vainly in song should I strive with these, as a frog with the crickets.'

Guilefully so spake I, and the goatherd, smiling sweetly,
Answered and said:—'This crook I will right gladly award thee.
Thou art a child of Truth and shaped by the hand of the Highest.
Hated of me is a wright that seeks to upraise his roof-tree
High as a monarch of hills; I hate those cockerel poets,
Those that foolishly crow in strife with the minstrel of Chios.
Come then, Simichides, let us raise some song of the shepherds.
I will begin. List, friend, and say an the ditty content thee,
Ditty that I erewhile on the hill-side wrought into music.

"Fair will Ageanax' course to the Lesbian city be,
Though the Kids be low in the west and the south wind urge the sea,
Or Orion all but seem the waves with his foot to spurn,
If he'll have pity on him whom fires of passion burn;—
For love of the boy consumes my heart with a parching drouth.
Halcyons will lull the seas and the winds of the East and South,—
Winds that stir the wrack far up on the shore of the waters,
Halcyons, dearest hawks of the brine unto Nereus' daughters.

Safe may Ageanax reach the Mytilenean shore,
And safe in the haven rest where storm-winds rave no more!
That day shall my brows be bound with an odorous wreath of dill,
Or roses or flag-flower white; our Ptelean wine shall fill
The cup and the mixing-bowl, as I lie by the hearth at ease,
Thinking of him I love; and the draught shall be drained to the lees.
Of asphodel, vetch and parsley, my couch shall be thickly made
E'en to the elbow's height; on the pan shall beans be laid,

And shepherds twain shall flute, while Tityrus standing nigh
Shall sing how Daphnis of old for Xenea came to die,
And how the hills complained, and the oaks made moan that day
On Himeras' river-banks, as the boy's life waned away
Like snow that melts in the glens of Hæmus or Rhodope,
Or Athos, or where the slopes of utmost Caucasus be.
He shall sing how the goatherd of old was pent on an evil tide,
By his master's cruel sin, alive in a coffer wide,
And how the blunt-nosed bees the scent of the cedar knew
And darted away from the meadow and fed him with honey-dew.
For the Muses upon his mouth their sweetest nectar had shed.
Happy Comatas, this was thy joyful lot; thy bed
A coffer, and honeycomb thy food for a rolling year.
Would that among the quick to-day thou wert numbered here!
Gladly thy bonny goats had I herded the uplands o'er,
Listing the sound of thy song, whilst thou on the grassy floor
Under an oak wert lying, or under a pine-tree's shade,
And thy voice, divine Comatas, delicious music made."'

Such was his lay, and he ceased; and him I answered, saying:—
'Lycidas, much have I learned from the Nymphs as I roamed on the mountains,
Notable songs, whose fame, perchance, hath reached unto Heaven.
Yet will I offer the best of them all as a guerdon to thee now.
Hearken, my friend, unto this, for dear art thou to the Muses.

"The Loves have sneezed good-luck on Simichides; he, poor thing,
Is fond of his darling Myrto as goats are fond of the Spring.
But Aratus, the friend of his heart, for love of a lad makes moan,
And Aristis the noble knows how Aratus is burnt to the bone,
Aristis, whom Phœbus himself would suffer to sing in his fane.—
Pan, O Pan, in whose lordship is Homole's lovely plain,
To the arms of Aratus bring Philinus the gentle boy,—
Or whosoever he is whose love were Aratus' joy.
Pan, if thou grant this boon, may the lads of Arcadia's hills,
At a lean feast, lash thee not on shoulder and thigh with squills,

But an if thou grant it not, may thy skin be itched and red,
Scratched with thy nails all over, and nettles be thy bed!
'Mid frore Edonian hills thy way be in winter-time,
Thy face to the Hebrus river which flows through an icy clime;
In summer thy pasturing lie in the Ethiop's far demesne,
Under the Blemyan rock whence Nile is no farther seen!—
But ye, oh, ye Loves, whose cheeks are red as an apple is,
Oh, come from the pleasant waters of Byblis and Hyetis,
And from Œceus, lofty seat of Dione with yellow hair,
And smite with your shafts, oh, smite Philinus the sweet, the fair;
For the cruel boy cares nought for my friend's love-misery.
Well, riper is he than a pear, and the women cry:
'Ho, Philinus, the flower of thy beauty withers away'!—
Let us weary our feet no more, let us here no longer stay
On watch by his threshold, Aratus; let chanticleer's early note
Call Molon alone to wrestle with chills and a choking throat!

Ours be a quiet mind, and lest we should come to harm,
Let a beldam round us cast the might of a spitting-charm." '

These were my words, and he, as aforetime, smiling sweetly,
Gave me the goatherd's crook as a parting gift of the Muses ;
Then to the leftward bent his way and made unto Pyxa.
We to the home of our host Phrasidemus turned and betook us,
Eucritus, I, and the comely Amyntas, and there we rejoicing
Laid us deep on a couch of fragrant rushes and vine-leaves.
Poplars and whispering elms waved o'er it ; a sacred fountain
Babbling and purling gushed from the Naiads' grotto anear us ;
Sunburnt merry cicalas aloft on the shadowy branches
Shrilled their unending song, and afar in the bushes of bramble
Softly the tree-frog chirped, and the crested larks and the finches
Carolled, a turtle crooned, and around those murmuring waters
Darted golden bees ; there all things richly of Summer,

Smelt, and of Autumn; pears and apples in luscious abundance
Rolled at our feet and sides, and down on the meadow about us
Sloe-trees drooped their sprays thick-laden with purple fruitage.
Then from the wine-jar's neck was a four-years-old seal loosened.
Say, Castalian Nymphs that haunt Parnassus, was ever
Cup like this in the rocky repair of the centaur Pholus
Held by Chiron the old unto Heracles? Yea, and the shepherd,
He that grazed his flock by the river Anapus, and pelted
Vessels with bergs, that monster immense, what nectar did *he* quaff,
(Then when his legs were beguiled into dancing about his cavern),
Like to the draught, O Nymphs, ye slaked that day from the fountain,
Close by the altar-stone of Demeter, goddess of garners?
There in her heaped-up grain may I on another season
Plant my ample fan, while she stands smiling anear it,
Holding in either hand little sheaves of corn and of poppy!

## VIII

## THE TRIUMPH OF DAPHNIS

MENALCAS once upon the lofty hills
Tending his flock of sheep—so runs the tale—
Met the fair Daphnis with his herd of kine.
Both lads had russet hair, and both were young,
And each was skilled to sing and each to pipe.
Beholding Daphnis, thus Menalcas spake.

MENALCAS

Daphnis, thou herdsman of the lowing kine,
Wilt sing with me? Methinks I'll vanquish thee,
If I may sing my fill.

Then Daphnis answered.

DAPHNIS

Menalcas, shepherd of the woolly sheep,
Sweet player on the pipe, e'en an thou sang
Till thou were dead, thou would'st not vanquish me.

MENALCAS

Well, wilt thou try, and wilt thou stake a prize?

DAPHNIS

Yea, I will try, and I will stake a prize.

MENALCAS

What shall we pledge that were a worthy meed?

DAPHNIS

I'll pledge a calf, pledge thou a full-grown lamb.

MENALCAS

Ne'er will I gage a lamb, for stern my sire
And mother are, and number all the sheep
At eventide.

DAPHNIS

Well, what then wilt thou gage?
What vantage shall the victor gain?

MENALCAS

A pan-pipe
Which erst I fashioned fair; nine reeds it hath
And equal white wax bands above, below;
That will I wager, not my father's wealth.

DAPHNIS

And I too have a pipe with nine sweet reeds
And equal white wax bands above, below;
But late I fashioned it, for still this finger
Aches where the slit reed cut it.

MENALCAS

Who shall judge
Betwixt us twain, and hearken to our songs?

DAPHNIS

What an we called yon goatherd, 'mong whose kids
The white-face dog is barking?

So the lads
Shouted ; the goatherd came to lend an ear ;
And then they sang, the goatherd gladly judging.
By lot clear-voiced Menalcas raised the song,
Then Daphnis in alternate strain took up
The shepherd's lay ; and thus Menalcas led.

MENALCAS

Ye dells, ye rivers of race divine,
If ever my shepherd's-pipe and I
Made you rejoice with a song of mine,
Oh pasture my ewe-lambs bounteously.
If Daphnis his heifers this way bring,
Let him too have ample welcoming!

DAPHNIS

Ye founts of water that never fail,
Ye grassy meadowlands lush and sweet,
If Daphnis sings like the nightingale,
Make fat with your fulness this herd of neat.
His flock if Menalcas hither bring,
Let him have content in his pasturing.

MENALCAS

Sheep and goats twin young ones bear,
Bees fill hives with honeycombs,
And oaks are taller than otherwhere
Wherever the beautiful Milo roams.
But ah, when he will no longer stay,
Shepherd and hillside parched are they.

DAPHNIS

Spring and pasture are everywhere,
Milk from the swollen udder foams,
And youngling cattle will feed where'er
The beautiful maiden *I* love roams.
But ah, when she will no longer stay,
Neat and neatherd wither away.

MENALCAS

Great he-goat, of the white herd king,
To the boundless deep of the forest hie,
(Hither, ye blunt-nosed kids to the spring !)
For yonder my Love is wont to lie.
Speed, hornless one, and say to the boy :
' Seal-herding once was a god's employ.'

DAPHNIS [1]

. . . . . .

MENALCAS

I would not be king of the Peloponnese,
Nor lord of the Lydian prince's gold ;
I crave not feet to outrace the breeze,
But Thee in my arms by this rock to hold,
And watching our mingled flocks of sheep,
To carol towards the Sicilian deep.

DAPHNIS

. . . . . .

MENALCAS

. . . . . .

[1] The principle of parallelism seems to postulate *lacunae* in the MSS. here and on the next page.

DAPHNIS

Storm to the trees is a sore distress,
To the waters, drouth, to the bird, the snare,
Toils to the beasts of the wilderness,
To a man, the love of a maiden fair.
But I pine not alone, O Zeus, O Sire;
Thou too for women hast known desire.

Thus sang the striplings in alternate lays,
And thus Menalcas led the closing strain.

MENALCAS

Pity my younglings, wolf, to the mothers mercy show,
Wrong me not for that a boy with a many goats I go.

Hi! Lampurus, my dog, art bound in a heavy sleep?
Ne'er should a hound that herds with a young lad slumber deep.

Fearlessly feed, ye ewes, on the tender grass your fill;
Never a whit shall ye lack when again it grows on the hill.

Sh! sh! be a-browsing, a-browsing, and swoln let your udders be;
The lambs shall have some of the milk, and some shall be pressed by me.

Then Daphnis with clear voice began to sing.

DAPHNIS

A maiden with wedded brows gazed forth from
that bower there,
As I passed with my kine yestreen, and she cried,
'Thou art fair, art fair.'

To her no answer I made, no bitter word would
I say,
But kept my eyes on the ground, as I slowly went
my way.

Sweet is the heifer's lowing, and sweet is the heifer's
breath,
And sweet in the summer to lie by a brook that
murmureth.

Acorns grace the oak, and apples the apple-tree,
The calf is the pride of the cow, the kine are a
glory to me.

Thus sang the lads, and thus the goatherd spake.

GOATHERD

Sweet is thy mouth, and ravishing thy voice,
Daphnis ; thy song, more pleasing to the ear
Than honey to the tongue. Take thou the pipes,
For thou art winner in the singing-match.
If thou wilt *me* teach as I tend my goats
Anigh thee, yon she-goat which hath no horns
I'll give thee as a schooling-fee ; she fills
The milk-pail ever till it overflows.

The boy was glad and leaped and clapped his hands,
A victor; even as a fawn might leap
About its dam. The other's smouldering heart
Was tossed with grieving like a new-wed maid's.
And from that day Daphnis was reckoned first
Among the shepherds, and, when in the flower
Of youth, took Naïs, that fair nymph, to wife.

# IX

## COUNTRY SONGS

A SHEPHERD

. . . . . .[1]

Sing, Daphnis, sing a country-song, and first
Do thou begin, then let Menalcas follow.
Settle the calves beneath their mothers, lead
The bulls to the barren kine, and let them browse
Together o'er the grass among the herd.
But do thou sing to me a random song,
In random song Menalcas answering.

DAPHNIS' SONG

'Sweet is the lowing of calf and kine,
And sweet are the pipe and the herdsman's lay;
*I* sing sweetly; a couch is mine
On the bank of a brook flowing cool alway.
'Tis made of the fells of heifers white—
Heifers that nibbling the strawberry-trees
Were dashed erewhile from a rocky height
By the gust of a gale from the Libyan seas—

[1] Possibly a *lacuna* here, in which the shepherd described his meeting with Daphnis and Menalcas, and how he asked them to sing.

And as little I reck of the summer's fire
As lovers may reck of their parents' ire.'

Thus Daphnis sang to me, Menalcas thus :—

MENALCAS' SONG

'And *I*, dear mother Etna, live
In a cavern fair of the hollow rocks.
All is mine that a dream may give,
Sheep and goats in countless flocks ;
At my head and feet their fells are strown,
On an oak-fire boils the savoury mess,
Beech-nuts dry on the flames are thrown
In time of the winter's windy stress ;
And as little I reck of the stormy breeze,
As of nuts a toothless man that hath cheese.'

THE SHEPHERD

I clapped my hands, and straightway gave a gift—
A staff that in my father's field had grown,
Self-shapen, that no craftsman would have scorned—
To Daphnis ; to the other, a fair shell,
A whorlèd Triton's-horn that erst I spied
On Hyccara's rocks, and on the flesh thereof
Had feasted, sharing with four friends ; and he
Winded the conch.
Hail, pastoral Muses, hail !
Give to the world the song which I that day
There to the shepherd and the goatherd sang,
Nor let a silence desecrate my tongue.

'The grasshopper loves the grasshopper aye,
The ant the ant, and the hawk, they say,
The hawk,—and *I* love a tuneful lay.
With melody let my dwelling ring,
For dear are the daughters of Song to me,
Sweeter than slumber or sudden Spring,
Sweeter than flowers to the honey-bee.
For on whomsoever they look with joy,
Him never could Circe's wine destroy.'

## X

## THE TWO REAPERS

MILO

What ails thee now, Bucæus, wretched hind ?
No longer can'st thou mow thy swathe aright,
Nor keep thy sickle even with thy mate's,
But like a sheep whose foot the thorns have gashed,
That straggles from the flock, so laggest thou.
How shalt thou fare, poor wight, in the afternoon,
That wilt not cut into thy corn-rig now ?

BUCÆUS

Untiring reaper, chip of stubborn stone,
Milo, hast never longed for one afar ?

MILO

Never ; what would a swain with stranger folk ?

BUCÆUS

Hast never, haply, lain awake for love ?

MILO

The gods forfend ! 'Let once the dog lick tripe'. . . !

BUCÆUS
But I have been in love these ten days, Milo——

MILO
'Tis clear that thy cup is the wine-barrel;
But scarce enough of vinegar have I.

BUCÆUS
—And so my garden all unweeded lies.

MILO
Who hath bewitched thee?

BUCÆUS
Polybotas' wench,
That piped of late unto Hippocion's hinds.

MILO
'The god hath caught the knave'; oh, thou shalt have
Thy darling wish! The 'grasshopper-girl' will lie
With thee the livelong night!

BUCÆUS
Thou mockest me;
But not alone the god of wealth is blind,
Blind, too, is mad-cap Love;—so boast thee not.

MILO
Not I, not I. Do thou lay low the corn,
And sing some love-song in thy darling's praise.
Sweeter thy labour thus will seem to thee.—
A singer wert thou surely on a time.

BUCÆUS

Aid me to sing the praise of the slim girl, Muses, aid!
Whatsoever ye touch, ye goddesses, lovely is made.

Sweet Bombyce, 'the gipsy' they call thee everywhere;
Thou art 'withered' and 'swart,' say they, but I say 'honey-fair.'

Dusky are violets, dusky the hyacinth lettered with woe;
Yet, ever these are the blooms that best of the coronal show.

The clover lureth the goat, the goat from the wolf must flee,
The crane follows after the plough, and raving I follow thee.

Would that the fabled wealth of Crœsus of old were mine!
Golden images twain had I placed in the Cyprian shrine—

Thee with thy pipe and, mayhap, a rose, or an apple, too,
Me with my dancing-robe, and shod with the Spartan shoe.

Sweet Bombyce, like dice are thy twinkling, dainty feet,
Soothing thy voice, thy soul—ah! I know not if *it* be sweet!

MILO

Our Bucus has been making pretty songs
All unbeknown to us! How well he shaped
And meted out the verse! Beshrew my beard
Which I have grown in vain! But hearken now
This ditty of the god-like Lityerses.

'Lady of fruits and corn, Demeter, make this field
Easy to till with the plough, and the fulness of plenty to yield.

Gatherers, bind the sheaves, lest haply a passer-by,
"Oh, what useless fellows! 'More money gone'" should cry.

Facing the wind of the North, or the fanning of Zephyr's breeze
Let the cut ends lie in the swathe, for ripening winds are these.

All unseemly is slumber at noon for the threshing-men;
The chaff from the stalks of corn most easily parteth then.

Ho, ye reapers, begin when the lark first wakes in his nest,
Cease your toil when he sleepeth, at noon have an hour of rest.

The frog hath a jolly life, my lads; no need there is
Of a Ganymede for him; for oceans of drink are his.

Miserly steward, boil the lentils ! Better, I ween,
That, than to cut thy hand a-whittling the cumin
bean.'

*There* is a song for toilers in the sun !
Thy starveling love, Bucæus, should be told
At streak of dawn beside thy mother's bed.

## XI

## POLYPHEMUS' COMPLAINT

Nicias, there is no other drug on earth,
Or smeared or sprinkled, that can vanquish love,
But song alone. Soothing and sweet to men
Is this remede, albeit hard to find.
But thou a wise physician art, and dear
Unto the sacred Nine, and needs must know this.

Our Cyclops Polyphemus here of old
Found it a sovran soother of his woe,
When he was sore in love with Galatea,
And had but early down on chin and temples.
With neither rose nor apple nor shorn curl
He courted her, but, mad as mad could be,
Left every task undone. And oft his flock
Unshepherded would quit the pastures green
And seek the fold alone; but he the while
Would seat him somewhere on the lonely shore,
Wave-washed and tangle-strewn, and there would sing
At break of day; a very grievous wound,
Which mighty Aphrodite's shaft had made,
Deep in his heart; yet gat he healing so.

Sitting aloft upon a mighty stone
And gazing sea-wards he would carol thus :—
'Fair Galatea, why my love disdain—
Thou who art whiter than the curd I strain,
Soft as a lamb, but frolicsome and free
As heifer-calf, and brighter far to see
Than grapes as yet unreddened by the sun.
Thou stealest towards me when the day is done,
And I asleep am laid ; but when I wake,
Away thou speedest, as from out the brake
A hoary wolf had sprung. I loved thee first
When but a child thou with my mother durst
Roam o'er these hills to pluck the hyacinth-flower.
I led the way, and since that bygone hour
When I beheld thee, love hath burned apace.
What carest thou? Nothing, I ween. My face
Affrights thee—one shag eyebrow's lowering dip
From ear to ear, nose flattened on the lip,
And one great eye midmost my forehead set.
Though ugly thus I be, fair maiden ; yet
A thousand sheep I pasture on these hills,
Wherefrom the sweetest milk my pitcher fills.
Summer and fall no lack of cheese is known,
And in mid-wintertime my cheese-crates groan.
Sweetly I pipe (no Cyclops pipes like me)
And sing at dead of night myself and thee.
Eleven fawns with moon-flecks on the brow,
And four bear-whelps I foster for thee now.
Oh, come to me! The land will give thee more
Than that green sea which yearns towards the shore.

Sweeter the night shall be in my repair ;
Laurels and slender cypresses are there,
And ivy dark and the sweet-fruited vine,
And water chill which Etna, clad with pine,
Sends from her white snows everlastingly
Down to my grot to make a well for me.
Then who'd prefer the sea to such delights ?
But if my shaggy hairiness affrights,—
Well, I have plenteous store of logs of oak,
And on my hearth a fire no ashes choke.—
Burn, burn me to the heart and sear my eye ;
Dear though it is, I'll suffer cheerfully.
Oh, why at birth were gills and fins not mine ?
To kiss thy hand I'd leapt into the brine,
(Thy mouth perchance denied) and brought with me
Red poppy-flowers, or snowdrops white for thee—
These bloom in Spring-time, those in Summer weather ;
So ne'er could I have offered both together—
But I will straightway learn me how to swim ;
Haply a sailor here will come ; from him
I'll teaching get, and seek what joys may dwell
Down in the deep that please you all so well.
Come, Galatea, come, remembering not
Thy homeward way as I have mine forgot.
Come, tend the flocks with me and milk the ewes,
Nor to make cheeses with the curd refuse.
My mother wrongs me, her alone I blame,
For ne'er she says a kind word for my flame,
Yet daily sees me pine for thy sweet sake.—
Now will I say my head and two feet ache,

That she may suffer too as well as I.—
Ah, Cyclops, Cyclops, how thy loose wits fly!
Go weave thy baskets, cull the grasses green
And feed thy lambs—'twere better so, I ween.
Hold what thou hast—why chase what flees away?
A fairer sweetheart shalt thou find one day.
Many the girls that bid me sport by night
With them in dalliance and love's delight.
All softly laugh whene'er I list their call.
On land, methinks, I'm someone after all.'

Thus Polyphemus soothed his aching heart
With song, nor sought with gold the healer's aid.

## XII

## THE PASSIONATE FRIEND

Thou art come, dear youth, art come; three nights and days hast thou tarried—
Alas for the longing of love which makes men old in a day!—
As a maiden is fairer far than she that hath thrice been married,
As apples are sweeter than sloes, and sweeter than Winter, May;
Swifter a fawn than a calf, ewe's fleece than yeanling's rarer,
And the nightingale, shrilly sweet, outsings all birds of the glade;
So o'er-gladly I sped towards thee, as a weary farer
Speeds from the scorching heat to the cool of a beechen shade.

Oh that our hearts be inspired by Love and by Love's own Brother!
That thus we twain may be sung by men in the after-days:
'On a time two godlike youths abode the one with the other
As 'Leader' that men of Amyclæ, and 'Lad' that Thessalians praise;

And the yoke of their hearts was level, the manners of men were golden,
For the lover was dear to the boy in the days that are no more.'
To the gods who wax not old may *I* be for that beholden,
And this may I hear long hence on the unreleasing shore:
'How thou did'st love, and how thy darling did truly love thee,
Is a song on the lips of all men, and chiefly of youths unwed.'
But are not the lords of these things the heavenly gods above thee,
Who will rule it e'en as they will? Howbeit, let this be said:
'Fair boy, though I praise thy sweetness, my brow will not blister with lying,
For when thou hast done me a hurt, thou straightway healest me,
And when with a fierce desire at thy feet my heart is dying,
I have risen with double guerdon and more than a lover's fee.'

Sons of Megarian Nisus, O ye who excel in rowing,
At ease may ye live, for ye praised above all your Athenian guest,
Him who died for his friend when the tide of war was flowing,
Diocles, lover of boyhood, who hearkened to Love's behest!

And ever in early Spring the lads at his tomb are thronging
Eager the honours to gain that a best of kisses earns ;
For the boy whose lips are pressed on lips with the tenderest longing,
Covered with wreaths of flowers to his joyful mother returns.
Happy is he that awards the prize to a kiss, or refuses,
And thus, methinks, will he pray to the bright-eyed Ganymede :
' My mouth be as Lydian stone which the money-changer uses
To sever the glittering wile from coin that is gold indeed ! '

## XIII

## THE RAPE OF HYLAS

Not, as we dreamt of yore, lived Eros for us alone,
He whom his mother bore to a god—to a god unknown ;
Nay, nor are we the first that have Beauty clearly seen,
My Nicias ; not so durst frail sons of a moment ween.

The son of Amphitryon, too, the hero of stubborn heart,
Albeit the lion he slew, was fired with a passionate smart.
For Hylas fair and sweet, with his ringlets blowing wild,
Whom he led in all things meet as a father a darling child,—
All things comely and strong whereby he himself had won
Fame of immortal song and all men's benison.
Ne'er would he leave his Love, not at midnoon's fiery time,
Nor when to the heavens above the coursers of Morning climb,

Nor yet when to roost and dream the cheeping chick upsprings,
And aloft on the dusky beam the mother-hen flaps her wings,
That so the beloved boy to his mind should fashioned be,
And sharing his yoke in joy wax mighty in mastery.
And when for the fleece of gold with the son of Æson sailed
A muster of chieftains bold by many a city hailed,
The son of Alcmena came to Iolchus' wealthy town—
Alcmena of Midean name, that lady of high renown—
And Hylas came with him there to the good ship Argo's side.
(As an eagle cleaves the air, 'tween the rocks that clashed in the tide
Safely she sped on her way to the Phasian river deep,
And the rocks which clashed that day ever since unmoved sleep.)
And now that the Pleiads glow, and to pasture in far-off fields
Already the lambkins go, and the spring to the summer yields,
The heroes, in heavenly bloom, bethink them of seafaring,
And gather in Argo's womb, and their sail to the breezes fling.

Three days the south wind blew and bare them
along on its breath,
And onward the good ship flew where the Helles-
pont thundereth ;
Then down on Propontic sand the ropes were flung
from the stern,
Anigh that wide-furrowed land the Cianian steers
upturn.
Forth on the shore they leapt, and orderly dight
the feast
At sunset ; and after, they slept together the best
and the least.
For before them lay a mead, and bedding therein
without fail,
And they cut thin flowering-reed and low-lying
galingale ;
And the fair-haired Hylas ran for water to mix
with the wine
Of Telamon, dauntless man, and Heracles half-
divine—
At the board those comrade kings ever sat them
side by side—
A brazen pitcher swings in his hand, and soon he
espied
A tarn in a lowly dell ; thick rushes about it grew,
The swallow-wort's purple bell and maiden-hair
pale of hue,
And parsley lush and fair and many a marsh-born
thing.
In the midst of the water there the nymphs were
gambolling,

Sleepless naiads three, whom the awe-struck yokel flies,
Malis and Eunice, and Nychea with Spring in her eyes.
As the boy held over the brink his water-jar wide of lip,
Letting it down to drink, his hand was held in their grip;
For a passion in each young heart for the Argive stripling fair
Had roused them with sudden smart; and into the dark pool there
Headlong down slipped he, as a red star slips from the sky
Headlong into the sea—and the mariner will cry:
'Ho, lads! shorten sail, for a stiff breeze soon will blow.'
Gently the well-nymphs hale the lad and lay him alow
On their knees, and assuage his tears with loving words and mild;
But Heracles' heart had fears, and was troubled sore for the child.
Over his shoulder he slipped his trusty Scythian bow,
With his mighty hand he gripped the club that he ne'er let go,
And away he sped, and twice and again from his deep throat cried:
'Hylas!' . . . and Hylas thrice heard, and in vain replied.

From out the crystal spring the voice came faint on the ear,
And the cry had a far-off ring, albeit so close anear.
As a manèd lion bounds from his lair, a devouring beast,
When the bleat of a hill-fawn sounds as a call to the ready feast,
E'en so did the son of the god roam seeking his darling lost,
Through acanthus-wastes untrod; and many a region he crossed.
Lovers are hard to quell; yea, measureless toil was his lot,
As he ranged o'er brake and fell, and Jason was clean forgot.
And Argo's sail in the breeze still fluttered, the heroes abode
Waiting for Heracles, and at night the sail they stowed.
At the will of his wandering feet he roamed with a frenzied heart
Whose core was rent with the heat of the cruel goddess's dart.
Thus Hylas the fair was ta'en to the ranks of the Blest that day,
And the heroes in harsh disdain called Heracles 'Runaway';
For he sped from Argo then with her thirty benches of oars
Afoot to the Colchian men and to Phasis' cruel shores.

## XIV

## THE SLIGHTED LOVER

ÆSCHINES

Ha, friend Thyonichus, good day!

THYONICHUS

Good day,
Æschines! What a stranger you are!

ÆSCHINES

I am
A stranger indeed.

THYONICHUS

Why, what has been the matter?

ÆSCHINES

Things have been going rather ill with me,
Thyonichus.

THYONICHUS

Ah, that is why you're lean,
Your upper lip untrimmed, and love-locks dry.
Only the other day in plight like yours
A wan-faced adept of Pythagoras
Bare-footed this way came—an Athenian born,
He said—in love he too, methinks, and pining . . .
For a loaf of bread!

ÆSCHINES

You'll ever have your jest,
My friend; but me the fair Cynisca flouts,
And one day I shall suddenly go mad.
Indeed, I'm but a hair's-breadth from it now.

THYONICHUS

It's ever thus with you, dear Æschines;
A touch too keen, you would have everything
Upon the instant. What's the story now?

ÆSCHINES

I and the Argive, the Thessalian rider
Apis, and Cleonicus, man-at-arms,
Were drinking at my farm, and I had killed
Two pullets and a sucking-pig, and broached
My four-year Biblian wine for them; it smelt
As fragrant as it had but left the vat.
Truffles and scallops and snails were served to us;
It was a jolly wassail; and the mirth
Was waxing gaily, when the fancy took us
To bid the unmixed wine to be poured forth
For each to pledge his Love; but each must name
The toast. We named, and duly drained the cup;
But nought said *she*, though I myself was there.
How think you I felt then? Then one in jest
Said: 'Are you tongue-tied? Have you met a wolf?'[1]
Quoth she: 'Well guessed,' and blushed; one could with ease

[1] This refers to the superstition that if one met a wolf, and it saw one before one saw *it*, one became dumb.

Have lit a lamp then at her face. Alas!
There is a Wolf, a Wolf there is, the son
Of neighbour Labes, Lycus, tall and smooth,
Deemed fair by many; for *his* noble sake,
Her heart was pining. And a breath of this
Once murmured in my ear, but I, poor fool,
Sifted the matter not, shame on my beard!
And now deep in our cups were we four men,
When for mere wantonness the Larissæan
Raised the Thessalian catch 'My wolf,' and sang
From first to finish; and Cynisca wept
All of a sudden hotter tears than weeps
Beside her mother's knee a six-year maid
That would be lifted on her mother's lap.
Then I (you know my humour) with clenched fist
Struck her upon the temple once, and once
Again, and gathering up her robes she fled
Away on the instant. 'Plague of my life,' I cried,
'Do *I* not please you? Does some dearer one
Lie on your breast? Begone with you and cherish
Some other lover; 'tis for him your tears,
Harlot, are flowing.' As the mother swallow,
When she has brought a morsel to her brood
Beneath the eaves, darts forth to seek for more,
Even swifter from her settle darted she
Straight through the vestibule and folding-doors
In random race. An ancient proverb runs:
'Bull fled, bull sped.' Now twenty days have passed
And eight and nine and other ten besides,
To-day's the eleventh, add two more—two months

Have flown since we two parted, and my hair
Has not been shorn even in the Thracian way.
Now Wolf is all in all to her ; to Lycus
Her door's ajar by night ; of none account
Am I, not in the reckoning now, but like
The poor Megarians, in the lowest place.
And could I cease to love, then all were well ;
But how can this be done ? The mouse of the adage
Has pawed the pitch, my friend, and what remede
For desperate love there be I know not. Yet
I know that Simus, smitten with desire
For Epichalcus' daughter, sailed away
And came back whole—a friend of mine own years.
I too will o'er the sea and be a soldier,
Better, or worse, than some, but good as most.

THYONICHUS

Would your desires had been more fortunate,
My Æschines ! But if you must abroad,
The best pay-master for a free-born man
Is Ptolemy.

ÆSCHINES

And what is he besides,
Your 'best pay-master for a free-born man' ?

THYONICHUS

A kindly man, a friend of art and song,
A lover, and the pink of courtesy ;
A man that knows his friend, his enemy

Still better, giving largess unto many,
And ne'er refusing to a suppliant
Aught that a king should grant. But, Æschines,
We must not always ask. So, if you like
On your right shoulder the cloak's tip to pin,
And standing firm will boldly bear the brunt
Of sturdy targeteers, away to Egypt!
We all get grizzled from the temples downward,
And frosty age creeps slowly to the chin.
Come, let's be doing while our legs are young!

## XV

## GORGO AND PRAXINOE

GORGO (*putting her head in at the door*)
Praxinoë in ?

PRAXINOE
Oh, there you are at last,
Dear Gorgo ! Yes, I'm in. I'm quite surprised
To see you here at all. Quick, Eunoë, fetch
A chair for my friend, and put a cushion on it.

GORGO
Nay, leave it as it is.

PRAXINOE
Well, sit you down.

GORGO
Oh dear, how faint I feel ! I hardly got
To your house alive out of the dreadful crush
Of chariots and of people. Soldiers' boots
And cloaks here, there, and everywhere—I thought
The way would never end. Your house, my dear,
Is really much too far away from ours.

PRAXINOE
My silly husband's fault ! He came and took
At world's-end here a beast's lair, not a house,—
Merely to keep us apart, the jealous wretch !
And all for spite, as usual.

GORGO

Hush, my dear!
Don't rail at Dinon so before the child.
Look, woman, how he eyes you! Never mind,
Zopyrion dear, sweet boy, it's not papa
That mother talks of.

PRAXINOE

By our Lady Goddess,
The baby understands us!

GORGO

Pretty papa!

PRAXINOE

Well, that papa of his the other day—
We always say 'the other day' you know—
Went to the shop to buy me soda and rouge,
And brought me salt instead, the hulking oaf!

GORGO

My spendthrift husband is another such.
Five 'fleeces' (Heaven save the mark!) he bought,
For five-and-thirty drachmas yesterday—
Dogskins, old wallet-shreds, mere trash and trouble.
But come, put on your mantle and your gown,
And let's be off to Ptolemy's palace-hall
To see the 'Adonis.' It is said the queen
Is planning something splendid.

PRAXINOE

'All is rich
In rich men's houses.'

GORGO

Think what a tale you'll have
For those that have not seen the show. Now come,
It's time to move.

PRAXINOE

'Tis ever holiday
With idlers.' Eunoë, gather up the yarn,
You good-for-nothing dawdler. 'Lazy cats
Are fond of mats.' Come now, bestir yourself
And bring me water; water's what I want
First — and she brings me soap! Well, give it me—
Not too much, glutton! Now, then, pour. You wretch!
My smock is drenched—stop!—Well, my washing's done
As Heaven pleased. Now, where's the coffer-key?
Bring it me here.

GORGO

That full gown suits you well,
Praxinoë. How much did it cost you straight
From off the loom?

PRAXINOE

Oh, don't remind me, Gorgo—
More than two good white minas, and I spent
My soul in stitching.

GORGO

It's a great success!

PRAXINOE

I warrant you! Girl, bring my cloak and set
My straw hat nicely on my head.—*No*, child,
I will *not* take you. Boo, the horsie bites!
Oh, cry your fill, I will not have you lamed.—
Let us be moving! Phrygia, take the boy
And play with him, call in the dog and shut
The outer door.

---

Good Heavens, what a crowd!
How *shall* we elbow through it all? They're like
A swarm of countless ants. O Ptolemy,
Many the glorious deeds that you have done
Since when your sire was numbered with the gods!
No rascals now skulk up, in the Egyptian way,
To maul the passer-by, as once they did,
The lumps of villainy, the knavish tricksters,
All 'birds of a feather'—scoundrels one and all.
Oh, Gorgo, dear, what *will* become of us?
Here are the king's own chargers.—My good man,
Don't tread on me!—That chestnut's rearing up,
Oh, see how fierce it is! Run, Eunoë, hussy,
Run! it will kill its leader. What a blessing
The babe's at home!

GORGO

Cheer up, Praxinoë, dear;
They've passed us now, and gone to their proper
place.

PRAXINOE

So have my wits. But ever since a child

Horses and chilly snakes have been my dread.
Oh, let's make haste; the crowd is almost on us.
Come you from court, good mother?

OLD WOMAN

Ay, my dears.

GORGO

Is entrance easy?

OLD WOMAN

'The Achæans came,
By trying, into Troy town,' pretty lass;
'Venture and win!'

GORGO

Off goes Dame Oracle!

PRAXINOE

'Women know everything—yes, even how
Zeus wedded Hera.'

GORGO

Oh, Praxinoë, look,
Look at the swarm of folk about the doors!

PRAXINOE

Terrible! Gorgo, dear, give me your hand,
And, Eunoë, you take Eutychis', and mind her—
No straggling—let us all get in together!
Oh, Eunoë, Eunoë, do stick close to us!
Alack, now there's my wimple torn in two!
Sir, as you hope for happiness, mind my cloak!

STRANGER

I scarcely can, but I will do my best.

PRAXINOE

Oh, what a crush! They jostle like pigs.

STRANGER

Cheer up,
Madam; we're all right now.

PRAXINOE

I hope that things
Will be 'all right' for ever and a day
With you, dear Sir, for shielding us!—What a good
Kind man!—Oh, there's poor Eunoë being squashed!
Push, silly, push! That's right! 'Now all are in.'
As the groomsman said when locking in the bride.

---

GORGO

Oh, come and look first at those fancy gowns!
How lovely and delicate! Robes for goddesses!

PRAXINOE

I wonder who the weaving-women were,
And who the draughtsmen that so deftly drew
These figures! How like life they stand and move!
People, not pictures! 'Wonderful is man!'
And there Adonis lies so fair to see
Upon his silver couch, youth's early down
On the tender cheek of him, the thrice-belov'd,
Dear both to us and those that dwell below!

ANOTHER STRANGER

Oh, stop your chatter there, you turtle-doves !—
Their Doric drawl will be the death of one !

GORGO

Heav'ns ! where came *this* man from ? What's
that to you
If chatterers we are ? Go and buy slaves
And bully *them !* Ordering *us* about !—
Ladies of Syracuse, whose forebears came
From Corinth, mark you ! like Bellerophon.
We talk as folks do in the Peloponnese,
And why should Dorians not speak Doric, pray ?

PRAXINOE

Persephone ! no master will I have
But *one*—so, there ! 'Don't try your flummery
here !'

GORGO

Hush, hush, Praxinoë, dear ! The Argive girl,
That clever songstress is about to sing
The Adonis lay. (Last year she won the prize
For dirges.) She will sing it well, I know.
Look ! she is putting on her languid airs.

SINGING WOMAN

'Lady of Golgoi, Idalion and Eryx' lofty steep,
Thou that toyest with gold, Aphrodite, goddess,
lo !
In this twelfth month of the year from Acheron's
ageless flow
The soft-footed Hours have brought Adonis from
the deep.

Tardy goddesses they, the boon Hours, yea but blest
They come to us, ever bringing to mortals pleasure and ache.
Cypris, child of Dione, men say that thou did'st make
Berenice, a mortal, immortal and fill with ambrosia her breast.
O thou who by many a name art hailed in many a shrine,
This day Berenice's daughter, the queen Arsinoë,
Decketh Adonis with all things lovely in honour of thee—
Arsinoë fair as Helen, as Helen of race divine.
Beside him from each tree taken is lying a fruitage sweet,
And tussocks of tender plants in caskets of silver are there,
Golden boxes of Syrian balsam, and dainties rare
Moulded on platters by girls from the snowy meal of wheat.
Honey is mingled therein, or oil, or many a flower,
And the shapes are as birds and beasts ; little Loves are fluttering
Like new-fledged nightingales flitting from spray to spray on the wing,
And covered with delicate anise is every green-arched bower.
Oh the ebony, oh the gold, and the eagles fashionèd

Of ivory white, which bear unto Cronides his Love.
The Darling who fills his cup! Oh hangings of purple above!
"Softer than sleep" Miletan and Samian shepherds had said.
Anear him a couch is dight for the lovely Cyprian Queen,
On another Adonis is lying and rosy-armed is he;
Soft is the down on his lip, and soft will his kisses be,
For scarcely a score of years hath the youthful bridegroom seen.
Farewell to thee now, dear Cypris! Enjoy thy love. On the morrow
At dewy dawn we shall meet together and bear him away
To the waves that foam on the beach, and with tresses in disarray,
And robes to our ankles dropped, bare-bosomed we'll sing our sorrow.
Alone of sons of the gods this boon hath Adonis earned,
From Acheron hither to wend; not this Agamemnon won,
Nor Ajax, mighty in wrath, nor Hecuba's first-born son,
Nor yet Patroclus, nor Pyrrhus, though safe from Troy he returned,
No, nor the Lapithæ, no, nor the sons of Deucalion of yore,

Nor Pelops' children, nor Argos' praise, the
Pelasgian men.
Be gracious to-day, Adonis, and next year bless
us again ;
For welcome thy coming now and hereafter as
heretofore.'

GORGO

'There's nought so clever as a woman,' dear,
How happy she must be to know so much,
And happier still to have so sweet a voice !
Let's homeward now ! My good-man's dinner-
less,
And when he's hungry he's all vinegar ;
Approach him not ! Farewell, belov'd Adonis !
And welfare still be ours at thy return !

## XVI

## THE POET'S PLEA

Ever a care is this to the daughters of Zeus and to minstrels,
Duly the deathless gods to renown and the glory of heroes.
Muses are goddesses, yea, and goddesses hymn the divine Ones;
Children of earth are we, let mortals sing but of mortals.

Ah, but of those that now dwell under the glimmer of morning
Who that will ope his door and joyfully offer my Poems
Home in his house, nor send them away from the gate unguerdoned?
Wroth to me then they return, feet bare, and sorely revile me,
Saying a profitless road they went; and again they will seat them
Down in the coffer's void, with their heads on their shivering knees bowed,
Fearfully waiting there where aye their accustomed abode is,
Each time they from a quest found vain come back disappointed.

Who will to-day be a friend to the singer that hymns his praises ?
*I* know not ; for men no longer desire as aforetime
Glory for noble deeds ; but Money is monarch and master.
Each man keepeth his hand on the purse in his robe's bosom, seeking
Chances of silver and gold, and would offer to none as a guerdon
Even a scraping of rust, but would utter his ready rejoinders :—
' Closer is knee than shin ! ' ' Self first ! ' ' Heaven cares for the poets.'
' Homer's enough for us all, and who would hearken another ? '
' Best of the bards is he that wants no part of my substance.'

Fools, what gain is a world of wealth in your houses lying ?
Wise men deem that in *that* dwells not true pleasure of riches,
Nay, but in this—to impart some share of your wealth to a minstrel,
Favours done to a host of kinsmen and many a stranger—
Off'rings piously made to the gods on their altars alway—
Aye to be kind to a guest, and first at your board to regale him,

Ere he be sped on his way, what time he desire to be going—
This above all—to revere the appointed priests of the Muses,
So that a goodly renown ye may have in the darkness of Hades,
Yea, nor inglorious weep by Acheron's ice-chill waters,
Like unto beggarly men with palms made hard by the mattock,
Wailing the luckless lot which came from their fathers aforetime.

Monthly to many a thrall in the courts of the kingly Aleuas
Duly a dole was made, and many the calves that were driven
Lowing along with the kine to the stalls of the sons of Scopas;
Many a chosen flock on the pastures of Crannon wandered
Under the skies each day for the bountiful children of Creon;
Yet no pleasure therein had they when their souls were wafted
Down to that ample barge upon Acheron's loathèd waters.
All that wealth forgone, they had lain forgotten of all men
Ever and evermore with the rest of the pitiful dead folk,

Had not a Cean bard, that wondrous and changeful singer,
Wed to the varying tones of his harp their names as a glory
Told to a later race, and yielded a measure of honour
E'en to their fleet-foot steeds that back from the sacred contests
Came to them crowned with flow'rs. Ay, who would have heard of the Lycian
Chiefs, or the long-haired sons of Priam or beautiful Cycnus
White as a maid, had bards not sung of the bygone battles ?
Yea, and Odysseus too, who was roaming a score and a hundred
Months amid all strange folk, and came unto utmost Hades
Scatheless, and scatheless fled from the den of the terrible Cyclops,
Hardly had won him a lasting renown ; his faithful swineherd
Clean forgotten had lain, and he who abode by the cattle ;
Yea, and unknown had died Laërtes valorous-hearted,
Had the Ionian man not told in a song of their labours.

Only the Muses grant unto mortals a guerdon of glory.

Dead men's wealth shall be spent by the quick that are heirs to their riches;
But 'twere as easy a task on the shore of the ocean to number
Waves of the grey-green sea that a wind may drive to the beaches,
Ay, or to wash from a brick its dirt in the wave of a crystal
River, as move that man whom hunger for pelf hath stricken.
Farewell such! May their hoards of gold and silver be endless,
Yea, and a craving lust for more be their master for ever!
I would rather choose to be honoured and loved of my fellows
Far than be lord of droves unnumbered of mules and of horses.

Therefore I seek for him that will joyfully give me a welcome,
Me and the Muses.—Rough are the ways of the world unto minstrels
Reft of the daughters of Zeus who alone is mighty in counsel.
Never is Heaven tired of bringing the years and the seasons,
Oft shall the car of the Sun speed onward whirled by the coursers,
Yea, and a man shall yet be desirous of me as his minstrel,

He who hath like things done as Ajax wroth or Achilles
Wrought on Simoïs' meads by the grave of the Phrygian Ilus.

Lo, already the men from the East that dwell on the utmost
Spur of the Libyan land, not far from the sunset, are shaken ;
Ay, and already the men of Sicily poise their lances,
Bearing upon their shoulder the weight of their bucklers of willow.
Like to the mighty of old great Hiero standeth among them,
Girt for the fray, and his horse-hair plumes o'ershadow his helmet.
Zeus, thou Father of all Most High, and Lady Athene,
Thou, Persephone, too, who art like thy mother in friending
That rich Ephyran town by the waters of Lysimeleia,
Oh that an evil fate may drive from the shores of our island
O'er Sardinian waves but a tithe of the host of our foemen,
So they may tell to the wives and children the doom of their dear ones !
Oh for their ancient lords to abide once more in the cities

Here by the hands of the foe erewhile so grievously wasted !
Tilled be the fertile fields, and the sheep in many a thousand,
Fatted with pasture, bleat on the plains, and the kine to the steading
Gather—a sign for the man that fares in the gloaming to hasten !
Ploughed be the fallow field for the seed, what time the cicala,
Watching the shepherds toil in the open, shrills from the tree-tops !
Then let spiders weave their gossamer webs on the armour,
Yea, and the name itself of battle for ever be silenced !
But let bards uplifting the praise of Hiero, waft it
Over the Scythian sea, and where, in the dimness of ages,
Queenly Semiramis raised her a rampart sodered with asphalt !

I am but one of the many belov'd of the daughters of Heaven.
Oh for them all to be fain to renown the Sicilian well-spring,
Fount Arethusa, our folk, and Hiero, glory of spearmen !
O ye Graces, dear to Eteocles, ye who befriended
Minyan Orchomenus (so hated of yore by the Thebans,)

Ne'er, if unasked, will I stir ; but gladly to those
that entreat me
I and my Muses will come, nor yet shall I ever
abandon
You, ye Graces.—Apart from the Graces nothing
is lovely
Here in the world of men.—May I ever abide with
the Graces !

## XVII

## THE PRAISES OF PTOLEMY

To Zeus, O Muses, first and latest praise,
When we to Heaven's King would lift our lays ;
To Ptolemy, first, last, and midmost, when
We sing the praises of the king of men !

The deeds of demi-gods in olden time
Gat aye the guerdon of a minstrel's rime.
I'll sing of Ptolemy,—a minstrel I—
Song is the meed for gods who never die.

When unto Ida many-forested
A woodman cometh, he is hard be-sted,
And gazes round on all that wealth of wood,
Uncertain where to try his lustihood.—
What first to hymn amid the countless things
Wherewith Zeus glorifies the king of kings ?

How great to accomplish mighty deeds was he,
That high-born son of Lagus, Ptolemy,
When that his spirit had conceived a plan
Baffling the wisdom of a lesser man !

'Twas his from Zeus an equal place to hold
With that of deities ; his throne of gold
Is built in Heaven, and graciously anigh
Sits Alexander, dread Divinity
To Persians with their caps of varied hue.
Fronting him sits Alcides—he who slew
The centaurs—on a throne from adamant wrung.
There revels he the heavenly gods among,
Much joying in his latest heritage
Of children whom Zeus made exempt from age,
And glad his sons are hailed as deities.
(For through a later child of Heracles,
Stalwart Caranus, both can trace their line
To Heracles, their founder half-divine.)
When from the heavenly banquet and carouse,
He seeks the love-bower of his youthful spouse,
His quiver and his bow he's wont to place
In Alexander's hands, and gives his mace,
Rough-knobbed and iron-bound, to Ptolemy ;
And these twain straightway bear him company
Unto white-ankled Hebe's blest abode,
The armour-bearers of the demi-god.

How 'mong the women that were wise of heart
Shone Berenice, famed for every art !—
A boon to him who gat her, her who bore
Dione's child, who rules the Cyprian shore,
On that sweet bosom pressed her gentle hands,
And so men say that never in all lands
Did woman please her lord as much as she
Was dear unto her husband Ptolemy.

Yet even more belov'd was he again.
Unto his children may a man give then
Lightly the care of all his livelihood,
When wife and husband love as lovers should.
But loveless wives a stranger aye desire,
With ease have children, but unlike their 'sire'!

Goddess of beauty, Aphrodite, Queen,
Thy care was she, and by thy grace I ween
Fair Berenice crossed not Acheron,
That wailful water, but or e'er she won
Unto the sombre-coloured barge's side,
Whereon the souls of dead folk o'er the tide
By that aye-loathèd ferryman are ta'en,
To set her in a temple thou wert fain,
And honours like thy very own to give;
And now she gently breathes on all that live
Loves that are gentle, and the pining heart
She graciously will ease of every smart.

Dark-eyebrowed girl of Argos, thou did'st bear
The warrior Diomede as Tydeus' heir—
Who erst was called the man of Calydon—
Deep-girdled Thetis bare a warrior son
To Peleus, son of Æacus—his name,
Achilles, javelin-thrower rich in fame,
And she who was the wondering world's desire
Bore thee, a warrior, to a warrior sire.

On thy first morning, Cos with fostering hand
Received thee from thy mother on her land—

For there the daughter of Antigone
In throes of labour cried aloud on thee,
O Ilithyia, girdle-loosener;
And graciously thou camest unto her,
Shedding release from pain in every limb.
And so a son was born most like to him
Who gat him. Cos beheld the babe with joy,
And thus she spake, holding the infant boy:
'Child, be thou blest, and grant me such renown
As Phœbus gave to Delos with her crown
Of azure sheen, and give Triopion's hill,
With all its Dorian folk, the same goodwill
As from Apollo on Rhenæa beamed.'
This spake the Isle and thrice an eagle screamed
From clouds on high, bird-seer of future things,
A sign, methinks, from Zeus; for dreaded kings
Are Zeus's care; and most is that one great
Whom at his birth Zeus loves; on him shall wait
Much wealth; wide sea and land his rule shall own.
On many a field by many a folk is grown
The corn which waxes with the heaven-sent rain;
But none is fruitful as the Egyptian plain,
When Nile upon the levels cometh down
In flood; so many cities, of renown
For cunning craftsmen, hath no other land—
Therein three centuries of cities stand,
And eke three thousand and three myriad,
Twice three, and thereunto thrice nine more add;
And o'er them all brave Ptolemy bears sway.
The frontier of his empire shears away
Phœnician lands, parts of Arabia,
Syria, Libya and swart Africa.

O'er all Pamphylians, and Cilicians
Who poise the spear, Lycians, and Carians
Whom war delights, he rules, and his behest
The Cyclads hear ; for his ships are the best
That sail the deep ; the whole earth and the sea
And sounding rivers wait on Ptolemy.
And many a horseman, many a targeteer
Around him moves in shining brazen gear.
His wealth could whelm the treasures of all kings,—
Each day such riches to his palace brings
From far and near. At ease men ply their trades,
For never foot of foe the Nile invades,
That teeming flood, nor e'er hath alien band
Cried 'havoc' in the hamlets of the land.
No mailèd warrior from a fleet ship's side
Hath ever leaped on our sea-borders wide
To drive Egyptian kine ; so strong is he
Whose throne is in the broad plains, Ptolemy,
The fair-haired king, well skilled to wield the lance
And ward his father's wealth from evil chance,
As fits a noble sovereign. He himself
Adds to the store ; nor, like the heaped-up pelf
Of toilsome ants, doth his gold useless lie
In treasuries, but ever bounteously
With first-fruits and all other offerings
In Heaven's fair shrines is laid, and mighty kings,
Cities and friends therefrom large guerdon get ;
And never hath a clear-voiced singer yet,
Well skilled to raise a ditty musical,
Come here to Bacchus' holy festival,
But gotten for his art a worthy fee.
The Muses' ministers hymn Ptolemy

For all his benefits. What fairer thing
Than good renown could hap a wealthy king?
This the Atreidæ won; but all that store
They reft from Priam's glorious house of yore
Is hid in Hades, whence is no return.

None else, aforetime, or of those that burn
The dust to-day with imprint of their feet,
Hath ever raised a shrine with incense sweet,
To mother and to sire, and 'stablished there
These twain with gold and ivory made fair,
To all earth's sons a very present aid.
Full many thighs of fatted oxen, laid
On their red altars, every month are seen
Smoking to heaven at hest of king and queen.
No nobler wife than she did e'er embrace
Her lord within the palace of his race,
Loving her husband-brother heartily.

On this wise was the holy bridal tie
'Twixt Rhea's children on Olympus' throne;
One couch for Heaven's own King and Queen is strown
By virgin Iris' hands perfumed and sweet.

Farewell, prince Ptolemy; my song shall treat
Of thee as of the heroes that are dead;
And only one word more shall yet be said,—
To men unborn methinks of noble use—
*True worth is gotten at the hand of Zeus.*

## XVIII

## THE MARRIAGE-SONG OF HELEN AND MENELAUS

And so in Sparta long ago the maids,
With blooms of hyacinth their locks among,
Before the newly limnèd bride-chamber
In the palace of the fair-haired Menelaüs,
Began their dance—twelve girls, the city's pride,
The flower of Spartan maidenhood,—what time
The younger son of Atreus wooed and won
Helen, the darling of the Tyndarids,
And took her to his bower. In one accord
They sang, with measured beat and woven steps,
While loud the halls rang with the marriage-lay.

'Slumberest thou thus early, thus early so fain of sleeping,
Bridegroom dear? were thy limbs already longing for sleep?
Down thou art flung on thy couch; but were drowsiness o'er thee creeping,
Why not have bedded alone betimes? Hast thou drunken deep?

Why not have suffered the maid to play with the maids by her mother
At the glimmer of early dawn? For thine shall the bride be now,
To-morrow and yet to-morrow, while one year follows another.
O Menelaüs, a husband blest above all art thou!
Surely a Heaven-sent man sneezed luck on thy coming here
To Sparta, where other chiefs came wooing, and thou didst win.
To thee alone of the heroes will Zeus be a father dear,
For the daughter of Zeus now lieth with thee one bed within.—
She who is peerless of women that walk the Grecian land—
And a wondrous child shall be yours if it bear its mother's face.
All of an age are we who beside our river-strand
Together, with limbs oiled man-wise, run by the bathing-place—
Seven score and a hundred girls, fresh blossom of youthful maids;—
But none of us e'er could vie with Helen in loveliness.
As rising Dawn shows fair, or Night with her star-lit shades,
Or Spring-time shining forth in the slack of the Winter stress,

E'en so did the golden Helen amongst us maidens gleam.
As a corn-crop rich is the pride of a fertile field of loam,
Of a garden the cypress-tree, of a car the Thessalian team,
E'en so is the rose-red Helen the grace of her Spartan home.
Not another can spin such yarn as she unwinds from the scuttle,
None can a closer warp cut off from the loom-beams high,
When the threads have been cunningly woven thereon with the nimble shuttle,
And none can strike the lyre with a hand as masterly,
When she hymns broad-bosomed Athene and virginal Artemis;
None are as Helen whose eyes the abode of all Loves be.
Girl most fair and sweet, a wife art thou by this.
At morn to the running-place and the grassy mead shall we,
We shall go to pluck us a crown of fragrant blossoms, and oft,
Oft shall we think of thee, dear Helen, as all in vain
A yeanling yearns for the teat of his dam. We shall hang aloft
A chaplet of trailing lotus for thee on a leafy plane,

And taking the athlete's oil that is held in a silver cruse,
Under the leafy plane we shall pour it forth for thee,
And words shall be cut on the bark in the way the Dorians use,
For the passer-by to read, "Bow down, I am Helen's tree."
Farewell!—and farewell, thou whose bride is from Heaven above!
May Leto, mother of youths, grant children, many a one.
And Cypris, the goddess, yield you the joy of an equal love,
And Zeus give limitless wealth from noble father to son!
Slumber and breathe forth love and desire in each other's breast;
But mind ye be stirring at dawn; for at dawn we'll come this way
When the first cock shrills as he raises his feathery neck from his rest.
O Hymen, warder of wedlock, be glad of this bridal day!'

## XIX

## EROS AND THE BEE

The love-god on a day
Wandered the hives among
To steal a comb away,
And by a bee was stung;

And all his finger-tips
Tingle, and with his lips
Blowing his hand, he skips
And stamps upon the lea.

To Cypris then he hied,
And showed the cruel sting,
And bitterly he cried:
'How can so small a thing

Raise such a mighty ache?'
His mother, laughing, spake:
'Thyself, though small, can'st make
Like havoc as the bee!'

## XX

## THE YOKEL AND THE LIGHT-O'-LOVE

When I would kiss Eunice, loud laughed she,
And taunting cried: 'You boor, begone from me!
You'd kiss me, wretch?—I cannot kiss a clown—
No lips press I but such as hail from town.
To touch my dainty mouth you shall not dare,
Not even in your dreams.—Your eyes but stare!
Gross is your speech, and coarse your playfulness!—
What winning words, what delicate address,
How soft your beard, how fine your hair!—Alack!
Your lips are sickly-wan, your hands are black,
And evil is your smell. Away from me!
Taint not the air I breathe.'

So saying, she
Thrice in her bosom spat, and looked askance,
Eyeing me head to foot with steady glance;
And shooting out her lips she laughed aloud,
The sneering hussy, insolent and proud.
My blood boiled up, and crimson waxed my hue
Under the smart, as doth a rose with dew.
Away she fled. With rage my soul is torn
That such a wanton should my beauty scorn.

Shepherds, am I not fair? Speak sooth to me.
Hath some god made me other, suddenly?
A charm once blossomed round me, beautiful
As ivy round a stem; my beard was full;
Like parsley on my temples curled my hair,
And o'er swart eyebrows gleamed my forehead fair;
My eyes were brighter than Athene's eyne,
Softer than curded milk this mouth of mine,
My speech more honied than the honey-flow.
Sweetly to sing, sweetly to play I know
Shawm, pan-pipe, reed or fife, whiche'er I will.
That I am fair all women on the hill
Confess, and kiss me. But that city *she*,
She kissed me not, but ran away from me!

Hath she not heard how Bacchus drives along
His heifers through the dells, nor learned from song
How once in days gone by the Cyprian Queen
On Phrygian hills a shepherdess was seen;
And how she maddened for a herdsman's sake,
And kissed and wailed Adonis in the brake?

What was Endymion, too, Selene's flame?
What but a hind? And yet from heaven she came
To Latmos' vale to share a herd-boy's bed.
A swain thou weepest, Rhea; and 'tis said
That for a pretty lad who drove a herd
The son of Cronos roamed a wanton bird.

Alone of all, Eunice will not love
A neatherd, she who thinks herself above
Rhea and Aphrodite and the Moon!

Cypris, thou too must never, late or soon,
Thy leman kiss in town or on hill-side,
But sleeping lone the live-long night abide!

## XXI

## THE FISHERMAN'S DREAM

Want is the waker of the Arts, my friend,
And Labour's teacher ; for the folk that toil
Are e'en from slumber let by carking Cares ;
Or should they close an eye by night, then, lo !
These constant watchers startle Sleep away.

Two aged fishermen lay side by side
Within their wattled hut, where they had strown
Some withered wrack, and on this leafy couch
Were flung. The tools of their hard handicraft
Were lying near, the creels and rods and hooks,
The bait of ocean-weed, the lines and weels,
The bow-nets made of rush, the cords, the oars,
And an old coble set on props. Beneath
Their heads a scanty cloak ; for coverlet
Their clothes. These were the fishers' only means,
Their only wealth ; nor bolt, nor door, nor dog
Had they, and all such things were deemed by them
Superfluous ; for Want their watcher was.
No neighbour dwelt anear them, but the sea
Came rippling softly up a narrow creek
Close to their cabin.

And the car of the Moon
Had not yet reached the middle of its course,
When Toil's familiar call awaked the fishers.
They from their eyelids chasing sleep away
Bestirred their drowsy minds to utterance.

FIRST FISHERMAN

Liars are they, mate, whosoever said
That nights grow short o' summer, when Zeus brings
Long days; for countless visions have I seen,
Yet morning is not. Am I at fault, mate, or
Doth something ail the nights, so long they're grown?

SECOND FISHERMAN

Dost blame the lovely summer? Nay, the seasons
Have not forsook their wonted course; but Care
Troubling thy slumber makes the night seem long.

FIRST FISHERMAN

Hast ever learned to interpret dreams? I saw
The fairest things. I would not have thee lack
Thy portion in my vision. Share my dream
E'en as thou shar'st the catch. Thou'lt rede it right,
For thou hast sense.—That dream-interpreter
Is best who hearkens to the voice of Sense.
Time and to spare is ours. What can we do
Awake on leafy couch beside the sea,
Like 'the ass in the prickly bushes,' or 'the lamp
In the Prytaneum'? As the proverbs say,
These 'never sleep.'

SECOND FISHERMAN

It's wise to trust a mate,
So tell me now thy vision of the night.

FIRST FISHERMAN

When 'mid our fisher toil I fell asleep
Yestreen, I was not full of meat, I wot,
For we had early supped, nor over-strained
Our bellies, an thou mind'st. I saw myself
Upon a rock, and sitting down, I watched
For fish, and dangled here and there my bait.
A fat one made for it—for as a dog
When dreaming, scents a bear, so I, a fish.
He hooked himself, and blood began to flow.
I grasped my rod—which doubled with his rush—
And stooping, struggled hard with straining hands,
In a wonder how to get the monster out
With tackle all too slim ; then lightly pricked him,
To mind him of the wound, and slacked my line.
But, as he would not budge, I pulled it taut ;
And so the fight was over, and I drew up
A golden fish, all plated thick with gold.
And terror seized me lest it were a creature
Loved of Poseidon, or perchance a jewel
Of sea-green Amphitrite. From the hook
I loosed him gently, lest the barb should tear
The gilding from his mouth, and on a string
I fastened him, a fish of the dry land now.[1]
And then I sware that never on the sea

[1] The text is here hopelessly corrupt.

Would I set foot again, but on the shore
Would bide thenceforward and enjoy my wealth.
And that awakened me. Now, mate, do thou
Give me thy counsel, for I fear the oath
Which then I sware.

SECOND FISHERMAN

Nay, fear thee not at all.
Thou art not sworn, for thou hast not found real
The golden fish thou sawest, and the vision
Was but a lie. But if unslumbering
Thou search those waters, then perchance thy sleep
Held luck for thee. Go seek the fish of flesh,
Lest thou of hunger die and golden dreams!

## XXII

## THE PRAISES OF CASTOR AND POLYDEUCES

Sing we the sons of Leda and Zeus who is lord of the ægis,
Castor, and him that with thongs of leather bound on his knuckles
Wieldeth terrible fists, Polydeuces! Ay, let us hymn you
Twice and again, ye strong, brave sons of the daughter of Thestius,
Spartan brethren, the aids of men when peril is utmost,
Rescuing steeds run mad in the clash of the blood-red battle,
Rescuing ships that brave all stars whether rising or setting,
Yea, and encounter the breath of grievous gales that upraising
Billows mighty a-stem or a-stern, or as each wind listeth,
Dash these into the hold, and rive both sides of the vessel—
Sail and mast and gear hang tangled and rent; in a deluge

Rain swoops down, night cometh apace, and the sea roars loudly
Smitten of blasts and of hail like iron. Natheless, ye rescue
E'en from the nether abyss both craft and crew despairing.—
Quickly the storm-winds cease, and a smiling calm on the ocean
Spreads, and the clouds flee apart, and the ' Bears ' shine forth, and the ' Manger '
Mistily gleaming the ' Asses ' atween is a token of all things
Fair for voyaging—O ye friends and helpers of mortals,
Horsemen, and players both on the harp, ye fighters and singers,
Which of you first shall I hymn in my song, Polydeuces or Castor ?
Lo, I will hymn you both, but first will I sing Polydeuces.

Scatheless had Argo 'scaped from the rock-isles hurtling together—
Terrible gateway these of the snow-swept Sea—and had wafted
Safe to Bebrycian land her freight of sons of Immortals.
Down by the ladder set each side of the vessel of Jason
Swarming they clomb, and alit on a beach deep-sanded and sheltered.

There they strewed their beds, and deftly the fire-sticks handled.
Then Polydeuces swart, and Castor, lord of the coursers,
Wandered away from their mates, they twain, and beheld with amazement
Every kind of tree on the hill, and under a rock-face
Came on a flowing spring that was ever full of the clearest
Water; the pebbles gleamed from the depths like silver or crystal.
Pine-trees, aspens, planes and towering cypresses nigh it
Flourished, sweet blossoms too by the toilsome, wild, furry bees loved,
Blooms that are alway rife on the meads in the wane of the spring-time.

There sat a man in the sun, gigantic and awful to look on.
Torn were his ears by the blows of the boxer, and orbed were his monstrous
Bosom and back with flesh as of iron; like an enormous
Wrought-metal statue he showed. On his arms, close up to the shoulder,
Firm stood his muscles and hard, like stones that a mountain-torrent
Rolls when the rains are here and rounds in the might of the eddies.

Over his neck and back was dangling the fell of a lion,
Tied by the paws. Him accosts Polydeuces, winner of contests.

POLYDEUCES
Hail, friend unknown! What folk, what land is this?

AMYCUS
Why hailest me? No stranger's face love I.

POLYDEUCES
Courage! Nor knaves nor sons of knaves thou see'st.

AMYCUS
'Courage,' forsooth! Thy schooling is unmeet.

POLYDEUCES
Art thou a surly savage, or a coxcomb?

AMYCUS
E'en as thou see'st. On thy land tread I not.

POLYDEUCES
Come, and with hospitable gifts depart.

AMYCUS
Gift me no gifts, for I have none to give.

POLYDEUCES
Good Sir, would'st grudge a little of this water?

AMYCUS
That shalt thou learn, if that thy lips be parched.

POLYDEUCES
With silver or what guerdon can we move thee ?

AMYCUS
Only by putting hands up, man to man.

POLYDEUCES
Fists only, or with feet, and face to face ?

AMYCUS
Strive with thy fists, and spare thy skill no whit.

POLYDEUCES
With whom, then, shall I clash my thong-bound hands ?

AMYCUS
With me. No man shall call ' the boxer ' girl.

POLYDEUCES
Is there a prize for which we twain shall fight ?

AMYCUS
The vanquished shall be called the victor's thrall.

POLYDEUCES
On this wise are the frays of red-combed cocks.

AMYCUS
Lions or cocks, for this alone we'll fight.

So spake Amycus. He then a hollow conch uplifting
Trumpeted. Under the shade of the plane-trees hastily gathered
Long-haired men of Bebrycia aroused by the blast of the sea-shell.

Likewise Castor, the lord of battle, departed and summoned
All that muster of chiefs from the fair Magnessian vessel.

So, when their fists were wrapped in weight-giving coils of leather,
Winding the laces around each arm, they met in the ring's midst,
Breathing slaughter against each other, and fiercely they struggled
Which were to face from the sun. By skill did'st thou, Polydeuces,
This from the giant win, and his eyne were smitten with sun-rays.
Sore was his wrath, and on he came with blows at his rival.
Him Tyndarides hit on the chin as he charged, and his anger
Thereby fiercer was roused, and volleying random buffets
Forward he plunged, head down. The Bebrycians uttered a clamour;
Yea, and the heroes all in reply cheered on Polydeuces,
Fearing lest in so narrow a place that Tityan giant
Bore him down with his weight. But shifting hither and thither,
Yet close ever, the son of the Highest bruised him with both fists,
Thwarting the onset wild of the monstrous child of Poseidon.

Dizzy with blows stood he spitting crimson blood, and the heroes
All roared loudly for joy when they saw weals grievous arising
Over his mouth and jowl. Half-closed were the eyes on the swollen
Visage. Now with feints all round him he baffled and vexed him ;
Then, when he marked him a-weary and mazed, with a clenched fist hit him
Just where brow meets nose, and cut him right to the skull-bone.
Backward down fell he full length in the midst of the herbage.
Grimly the fight was renewed when he rose ; each battered his rival,
Smiting with stubborn thongs. The Bebrycian leader assaulted
Breast and thigh and neck. Polydeuces, peerless in combat,
Mauled his foeman's face all over with horrible buffets.
Quickly the giant waned, his flesh quite shrunken with sweating,
Larger his rival's limbs ever waxed as he held to his labour,
Haler his hue.

Oh, tell to me now, thou daughter of Heaven,
How Zeus' valiant son o'ercame that gluttonous monster.

Thou goddess, yea, thou alone dost know; what
am I but a mouthpiece,
Willing to speak what matter soe'er, and howe'er,
thou desirest ?

Amycus, wishing to work some wondrous deed,
from position
Swerving aside, gripped fast Polydeuces' left with
his own left ;
Then lunged forward sweeping his arm from his
right thigh upward.
Had he but reached, he had maimed his foeman,
the King of Amyclæ ;
But with a jerk of his neck he avoids this blow,
with his right hand
Smiting the giant's head on the side with a drive
from the shoulder.
Swiftly the life-blood gushed from a gaping wound
on the temple.
Smiting his mouth with his left, he rattled his
ranges of tushes,
Bruising his rival's face with strokes ever swifter,
and pounded
Both his cheeks, till a-swoon fell he at last on the
meadow
All his length, and with hands held forth begged
off from the battle,
Nigh unto death being then. Yet so, no ven-
geance upon him
Did'st thou conquering wreak, Polydeuces, peer-
less of boxers ;

Natheless he solemnly sware by Poseidon, his ocean-father,
Never, never again to be churlish unto a stranger.

Now have I thy praise hymned, O King; and next will I thee sing,
Castor, lord of the steeds, thou bronze-mailed Tyndarid lanceman.

Those twin children of Zeus had stol'n Leucippus's maiden
Daughters twain, and a pair of brothers after them hasted,
Aphareus' lads, of bridal bereft, brave Idas and Lynceus.
These having won to the tomb of their father, forth from their chariots
Leaping, clashed with the foe in a mellay of lances and bucklers.
Lynceus then through his helm cries out and accosts them in this wise:—
'Sirs, why seek ye to fight, and why for the wives of your fellows
Rage ye, and hold bare knives in your hands? Unto us did aforetime
Old Leucippus his maids assign with an oath in betrothal;
But ye wrongfully sought with guerdon of mules and of oxen,
Ay, and with gold, the betrothed of your neighbours, and won to your wishes

(Stealing a wedlock with gifts) their sire. Unto both of you often,
Yea, to your face have I said, though quite unskilful in converse:
" Friends, it is all unmeet great heroes woo upon this wise
Maids already betrothed; lo, wide are Sparta and Elis—
Elis famed for the horse—Arcadian pastures, Achaia's
Towns and Messene and Argos and all the Corinthian foreland.
Many the maidens there that are reared by father and mother,
Lacking for nought in shape or in mind; and of those ye may lightly
Choose you a bride to your will, for many would offer their daughters
Unto so regal youths as are ye in the kinship of heroes,
Ye and your sires and all their race from their fathers aforetime.
Come, friends, suffer us now this wedlock of ours to accomplish,
Yea, and let all seek out and for you twain find other bridals."
Oftwhiles these were my words, but a blast of wind to the ocean
Bare them away; no favour they found, for stubborn and haughty

Ever are ye; but yield e'en now, for ye both are
our cousins,—
Kin on the father's side; or, an if your hearts
are for fighting,
Yea, and we must dip spears in the blood of an
equal combat,
Brave Polydeuces here and Idas shall from the
conflict
Hold them and stay their hands, while Castor and
I do battle,
We who are younger born, that so we may leave
to our parents
No excess of sorrow—from one house one life
taken.
Then shall the winners feast, being brought from
death unto wedlock,
All their companions, ay, and shall take those
maidens in marriage.
So were a great dispute well ended, and little to
weep for.'

These were his words, and the God was minded
then to fulfil them.

Quickly the elders doffed their gear from their
shoulders and laid it
Down on the ground. Then forth stepped
Lynceus shaking his war-spear
Under the buckler's rim, and in likewise Castor
brandished

*His* keen lance ; tall plumes waved over the helmet of either.
First with their spears they toiled, each aiming a blow at his rival
Wheresoever he spied any part of the foeman unguarded ;
Natheless, ere either was hurt their spear-heads snapped in the bucklers.
Then from the sheath they drew their swords, with a murderous onslaught
Dashing together again ; no surcease was there of combat.

Many were Castor's blows that fell on the shield of the other,
Fell on his horsehair crest, and often the keen-eyed Lynceus
Smote his foeman's targe, just touching the tuft on his helmet.
Castor then slipping back his left foot severed his rival's
Fingers, as *he* lashed out at his leg on the left with his weapon.
Lynceus dropped his sword, then swift to the tomb of the father—
There where Idas brave was leaning and watching the kinsmen
Battling together—fled, and the son of Tyndareus after
Bounded and slashed his brand right through from the flank to the navel,

Spilling the entrails. Down fell Lynceus prone on his mouth there,
Whilst on his eyelids rushed that sleep which knows not of waking.

Nay, nor that other indeed of her sons did Laocoösa
See by the hearth in his home with bridal duly accomplished.

Hastily wrenching the tall straight slab from the tomb of their father,
Idas was ready to slay his brother's slayer, and *had* slain,
But to his aid came Zeus, and dashed from the hands of the thrower
That wrought stone, consuming the man with a bolt of his lightning.
'Tis not a light emprise to do battle with Tyndareus' offspring;
Mighty are they themselves, and mighty the Sire who begat them.

---

Farewell, sons of Leda, and aye grant fame to my verses!
Friends are the children of song to the sons of Tyndareus ever,
Yea, and to Helen, and heroes all that with king Menelaüs
Brought upon Troy destruction. For you that minstrel of Chios
Glory devised, ye Kings, by singing the city of Priam,

Greek ships, Ilion's wars and Achilles, bulwark of
battle.
I, too, bring you the charm of the clear-voiced
Maidens of Heaven,
Theirs, yea and mine, for songs are the fairest
meed for Immortals.

## XXIII

## THE VENGEANCE OF LOVE

A PASSIONATE man pined for a haughty youth
Of lovely form but of unlovely soul,
And harsh to his adorer. Nothing kind
Was his ; nor knew he what a god is Love,
How strong the bow he wields, with what keen arrows
He woundeth hearts ; but ever cold was he
To speech and greeting. No assuagement was
Of passion, not a quiver of lip, no soft
Glance from the eye, no blush, no word, no kiss,
That lightens love ; but as a woodland beast
Casteth a wild shy look upon the hunter,
E'en so did he unto the man ; and fierce
His lips were set against him, and his eyes
Gleamed with the stern and dreadful glance of Fate.
His cheek would blanch with anger, and the flush
Which lay like raiment on his lovely limbs
Would flee away ; yet was he fair e'en thus,
His very wrath charming his lovers more.
At length that one no longer could endure
Such fire of passionate love, and sought the house
Of his hard-hearted darling, and there he wept,

And kissed the door-post, lifting up his voice :—
'Cruel and hateful boy, stone-hearted, a lioness
Suckled thee, boy unworthy of love. I come to thee
With a final gift, this noose for my neck, thy wrathfulness
Never to rouse any more, for I go where thou doomest me,
To the place where men say lovers shall find a remede for woe,
And the stream of Forgetfulness is. But e'en did I drink it dry,
Putting my lips thereto, I could never quench the glow
Of my passionate desire; but now I will say good-bye
Unto thy gates. Right well do I know what thing will be.
Fair is the rose, but Time doth make it to wither away,
And soon the violet fades that in spring is fair to see,
The white lily fades and falls, and the white snow will not stay;
And fair is the beauty of boys, yet it lives but a little space;
And lo, that morrow will dawn when thee shall desire drive mad,
And thy heart shall be burning within thee, and bitter tears on thy face.
But do to me now this last dear favour, I pray thee, lad.—

Whenas at thy coming forth thou shalt see me
hanging here
At thy gateway, pass not coldly by me, for pity's
sake,
But stand and sorrow a while; then, letting fall a
tear,
Loose me from off the rope; from thy limbs a
mantle take,
And fold it about me, and hide me, and give me a
last loving kiss,
Gracing the dead with thy lips, and have no fear
of me;
I cannot kiss thee back—'Twill be full atonement
this—
Then pile me a barrow wherein my love-woe
hidden shall be,
And cry thrice over me, "Rest in peace," ere
thou onward speed.—
Yea, cry this too, an thou wilt, "I have lost my
comrade true."
And write (on the wall I'll grave it), "Traveller,
stand and read;
Here lieth a man whom love for a cruel comrade
slew."'

He spake, and took a stone, and leaning it
Against the wall to half the doorpost's height,
A dreadful stone, he fastened from the lintel
The slender rope, and cast about his neck
The noose, and kicked the prop away, and so
Was hanged to death.

And that one oped his door,
And saw the corse from his own court-wall hanging,
Nor yet was wrung in soul, nor wept the strange
Sad end, nor soiled with death his boy's fair weeds;
But hied him to the wrestling-ground, and there,
Bethought him of the baths, and left his friends,
And came unto the very Deity
He'd slighted. From the marble pedestal
He dived into the waters; and lo! the statue
Fell on that youth and slew him; and the wave
Was crimsoned with his life-blood, and upbore
The floating corse of the belovèd lad.

Lovers, rejoice; the cruel boy was slain.
Belov'd ones, love; the god can 'venge amain.

## XXIV

## THE CHILD HERACLES AND THE SNAKES

When Heracles was waxen ten moons old,
Alcmena took both him and his brother twin,
Iphicles (one night younger, it is told),
And bathed and suckled them, then safe within
The hollow shield Amphitryon once did win
From Pterelaüs, a graven shield and fair,
She laid them down, and stroked her babies' hair,

Saying: 'Sleep, babes, a sweet and healthful sleep,
Oh sleep, my darlings, safely through the night;
In joy, dear baby brethren, slumber deep,
In joy behold the morrow's dawning light.'
So they were rocked asleep. But when the bright
'Orion's' shoulder glimmered, and the 'Bear'
Was sloping downward to his midnight lair,

Unto the threshold wide of that demesne,
Where stood the hollow pillars and the gate,
Two monster snakes bristling in azure sheen
Did guileful Hera send in bitter hate,
On Heracles their maw to satiate;
And so, uncoiling, those soft-gliding two
Along the ground their ravening bellies drew.

And from their eyne leapt forth an evil flame,
And from their mouths envenomed ooze did fall,
As ever nearer to the babes they came
With flickering tongues. But Zeus, who knoweth all,
Wakened the boys; his glory lit the wall,
And loud screams Iphicles when he espies
Those monsters' teeth above the buckler rise;

And with his feet he spurned the coverlet,
Striving to flee, but out flung Heracles
Both hands, which round the lithe necks tightly met,
(For there the poisons lie, which no man sees,
Of a deadly snake—shunned e'en by gods are these)
And round the suckling babe the coils were spread—
The nursling that a tear had never shed.

Quickly they loosed their aching spines again,
Striving from out their durance to be free.
Alcmena heard the cry and wakened then.—
'Amphitryon, rise; for fear hath hold of me.
Arise, and put not sandals on; for see
At dead of night the walls are glimmering
As with the dawn. Surely a dreadful thing

Hath happed within the house. Did'st thou not hear
How loud a cry our younger baby gave?'
She spake. He to his wife lent ready ear,
And leaped from bed to seize his falchion brave
Slung nigh his cedarn couch, a graven glaive.

One hand reached for the woven baldric good,
The other raised the sheath of lotus-wood.

Darkness again filled all that chamber fair.
Then called he to the drowsy-breathing thralls :
' Lights from the hearth, ho ! Back with the door-
bolts, there ! '
And then a slave-girl, ta'en from Tyrian halls,
Cried : ' Bondsmen, rise ; it is the master calls '—
Her couch was by the mill-stones at the porch—
And forth they came with many a blazing torch.

All hastened, and the house was filled with din.
And when they saw the baby Heracles
With two dead snakes his tender fists within,
Astonied all cried out ; but holding these,
He leaped for gladness, and, his sire to please,
Bade him behold the snakes with death fordone,
And laughing laid them nigh Amphitryon.

Alcmena to her bosom pressed his brother,
Iphicles, withered up and blanched with dread ;
Amphitryon 'neath a lamb's fleece laid that other,
And then betook himself to rest and bed.
When thrice the cocks had sung dawn's early
red,
Alcmena bade Tiresias to her view,
The truthful seer, and told the wonder new,

And urged him to unfold what thing should be.
' Nor, an the gods,' she said, ' devise me woes,
Hide it for pity. No need to tell *thee*
That what from off the fateful spindle flows

Man must abide.' His voice in answer rose:
'Mother of noble children, have good cheer;
Daughter of Perseus, cease from boding fear.

For, by the sweet light vanished from my eyne,
Henceforth at eve Achæan women oft
Shall sing the glory of that name of thine,
As on their lap they tease the sheep's wool soft,
So great is he, thy son, who high aloft
To starry heaven shall go, so broad of breast.—
Yea, man and beast to him shall bow their crest.

His shall it be twelve labours to fulfil,
And then in Zeus' halls to dwell for aye.
A Trachis funeral-pyre shall work its will
On all that served him for his mortal day;
And from the gods his bride shall be,—'twas they
Roused from their lair these snakes to kill the child—
Then fawns shall couch with wolves, and wolves be mild.[1]—

But, lady, 'neath the ashes nurse the fire,
And gather fuel of gorse, or wilding pear
Dried by the tempest's whirl, or thorn, or briar,
And burn on those rough brands the two snakes there
At the midnight hour (when they did hither fare
To kill thy child), and let a serving-may
Gather the dust and bear it far away

[1] It is thought by some that Theocritus had read the *Septuagint;* but this line may be an interpolation.

At dawn, and from the rugged cliffs which rise
Above the stream forth let her fling it all,
And hie her back with unreverted eyes.
Then first with burning sulphur cleanse the hall,
Next salted water of the ritual
Sprinkle from wreathèd bough, and slay a boar
To Zeus above—so shall your foes give o'er.'

He spake, pushed back the chair of ivory,
And went his way though laden sore with years.
And Heracles beneath his mother's eye
Waxed like a sapling that some vineyard rears,
And hight Amphitryon's son in all men's ears.
Old Linus learned the lad in charactery,
A hero and a watchful teacher he.

Eurytus, wealthy in ancestral lands,
Taught him to draw the bow and aim aright;
Eumolpus learned him song, and trained his hands
To play the boxwood lyre; and every sleight
That men of Argos in the wrestling-fight
Against each other use, the artful guile
Of thong-armed boxers, each pancration wile,—

All these and more he learnt from Hermes' son,
Harpalycus of Phocis, whom descried
E'en from afar off fiercely wrestling, none,
For dread of his grim face, could well abide.
Amphitryon gladly taught the boy to ride
Upon the chariot, and to drive his yoke
Safe round the goal and keep his nave unbroke.

(For oft in Argos, pasture-land of steeds,
Full many a treasure unto his abode
Had he as guerdon ta'en for mighty deeds.
Unscathed were aye the chariots he bestrode ;
Time only did their leathern thongs corrode.)
And Castor taught him how with poisèd lance,
And shield at side, to stay a foe's advance,

To bide the biting of a foeman's blade,
To range the phalanx and command the horse,
To gauge the numbers of an ambuscade
Ere swooping down on it in headlong course ;
For Castor, prince of horsemanship, perforce
Had come from Argos, when that vineyard land
Was held by Tydeus at Adrastus' hand.

No warrior yet was ever Castor's peer
Among the demi-gods ere age did quell
His youthful strength. Thus did his mother rear
Her son. He slept upon a lion's fell
Anigh his father's couch, and liked it well.
He dined on roasted flesh and Dorian bread
Piled in a crate in plenty to have fed

A garden thrall ; on meagre, uncooked fare
He supped : a plain weed let his knees be bare.

## XXV

## THE SLAYING OF THE NEMEAN LION BY HERACLES

Him then the time-worn swain and faithful guard of the harvest,
Ceasing the work of his hands, thus addressed: 'Right willingly, stranger,
Thee will I answer in full, for I honour the High-way Hermes;
Ay, for they say that most among all the Immortals is *his* wrath,
If that a man should refuse to be guide unto one that entreats him.
Not one pasture alone do the flocks of the prince Augeas
Roam for their food; some browse by the banks of the river Elisus,
Some by the sacred stream of Alpheus, or near the Buprasian
Vineyard, in this meadow some, and scattered apart are the sheep-folds.
Here ever fresh are the meads for the cattle, how many soever
Nigh unto Menius' wide-spread pool, for the leas and the lowland

Dewy are rich in sweet lush grass giving strength
to the oxen.
Lo! to the right of thee shows their byre seen
clearly by all men,
There on the farther side of the stream where
the ranges of plane-trees
Mingled with olives make that grove of the
Shepherd-Apollo,
God of pastures,—a god most sure in fulfilment,
stranger.
Nigh it are builded fair large bields for the herds-
men and ploughmen,
Us who are careful guards of the king's untellable
riches,
Sowers of seed in the thrice and the four-times
laboured furrow.
Only the delving, hard-wrought thralls that flock
to the wine-vats,
Then when the summer is ripe to the full, know
where are his marches.
Yea, for the meads and the tilth and the vineyards
green are the monarch's
Up to the farthest ridge of the fountained-hills;
and the day long
These we tend, as hinds are wont that live in
the open.
Come now and tell to me thou (for, stranger, so
it were better)
Why thou art here. Dost seek Augeas, or one of
his house-thralls?
Gladly to thee will I speak and with knowledge.
Surely of noble

Race art thou ; nor art mean thyself ; thy bearing
is mighty.
Yea, upon this wise tarry the sons of the gods
among mortals.'
Him then in answer addressed that valiant child
of the Highest :
'Yea, old sir, I desire to behold Augeas, your
ruler ;
Him himself to behold am I come ; but an if
with the council
Now in the township he bides, and taking heed
for the people
Sets right judgments forth, then go with me unto
a steward,
One placed over the hinds, and to him will I
make my petition ;
Yea, and from him shall learn what I would, for
the will of the gods is
Each man here among men should have alway need
of another.'
Him then again that swain so goodly and ancient
answered :
'Friend, 'twas surely the word of a god was a
guide to thee hither,
All thy wish being straight fulfilled ; for the child
of the sun-god,
King Augeas, is here with his lordly and strong
son Phyleus.
Hither he came yestreen at last from the city, his
myriad
Flocks and herds to review in the fields,—e'en
kings ever deem it

Safer to heed their house themselves. But go we towards him ;
I will be thy guide to the fold where haply we'll find him.'
So he spake ; then led on the way and greatly he wondered,
Seeing the wild beast's fell and the club in his right hand holden,
Whence were the stranger come, and was eager to question him ; natheless
Fear bade him check that speech on his lips, lest haply he uttered
Words in a hastener's ear ill-timed ; for 'tis not a light thing
Throughly to know what a man may think. And sudden the watch-dogs
Felt their approach from afar by their scent and the sound of their footsteps.
Barking loudly they dashed at Amphitryon's offspring from all sides,
Noisily too they fawned on the aged man. From the roadway
Lifting a stone (no more) he scared them, and menacing each one
Roughly and loud he stayed their barking, inly rejoicing
These, whilst he was away, had warders been of the farm-yard.
Then spake thus : 'Now, alack, what a beast the immortal Rulers
Here have giv'n to abide with man, how wanting in foresight !

If but his mind had a tittle of sense, and he wist of the seasons
When to be angry, and friend from foe he knew, not another
Creature had earned such praise, but now too wrathful and fiery
Ever is he.' So spake he, and swiftly they came to the steading.

Lo, and already the steeds of the Sun were sloping to westward,
Bringing the eventide, and the flocks came up from the pasture
Seeking the steading-folds; then cattle in countless thousands
Showed on their forward march like storm-clouds, such as are driven
Up by the wind of the South or the might of the Thracian north-wind—
Numberless onward in air they move, for the might of the tempest
Rolls on many ahead, and many another behind them
Rears its crest. E'en so comes herd upon herd ever forward.
Thronged are the pastures all, and on all ways hasten the lowing
Cattle along, and the byres are speedily filled with the oxen
Shambling of gait, and the penned-up flocks lie down in the sheep-folds.

Then not a man of the many who stood by the kine was an idler
Lacking a task, but this one bound smooth thongs as a hopple
Over their feet, and stood close by them to milk, and that one
Under the mothers set all youngling calves that were thirsting
Sore for the sweet rich milk, and another the pitcher handled.
One of them curdled cream into cheese, and the bulls with another
Went to a steading apart from the kine, and the chieftain noted,
Going to every byre, how his wealth was watched by his herdsmen.
There with him went his son; and Heracles mighty in counsel
Followed along with the king as he moved in the midst of his riches.
Then Amphitryon's heir, albeit a soul in his inward
Bosom he bore unbroke and for ever not to be shaken,
Greatly was moved to behold so countless a guerdon of Heaven.
Ne'er would have one man in sooth been deemed to possess that abundant
Wealth of neat, nay, not ten kings most wealthy of monarchs.
This most bounteous gift was made by the Sun to his offspring,

So that of all men he should rich be in sheep and in cattle ;
Yea, and he gave to the herds large increase ever ; a murrain
Never on those beasts came, that curse of the herdsman's labour.
Ever the hornèd kine more numerous waxed, ever sleeker
Year by year, and they all bare live young, all bare heifers.
Bulls three hundred along with them went, swart-hided and white-legg'd,
Ten score others were red and all of them sires. Now among these
Twelve there were, white as swans, the peculiar care of the sun-god ;
Easily *they* stood out from the rest of the shambling oxen ;
Far from the herd they browsed on the rife rich grass of their pastures,
Such their wanton pride ; and whene'er from the tangled thicket
Down on the meadow the fleet-footed wild-beasts leaped for the cattle,
These dashed first to the fight, from afar off sniffing the odour.
Dread their bellowing then, and their eyes held death in their glances.
Chief of them all in strength and might and glory of valour
Went great Phaëthon ; him to a star all neatherds likened,

Seeing him shine as he moved far-seen in the throng of the oxen.
He then spying the rough and parchèd fell of the lion,
Wildly on Heracles rushed, with his hornèd and stubborn forehead
Him on the thigh to assail; but swiftly the keen-eyed hero
Seized on the leftmost horn as he charged, and bended his heavy
Neck to the ground, and forced him back with a thrust of the shoulder.
Swoln on his huge upper arm his muscle stood out from the sinews.
Him that chieftain admired, and the son of the chieftain, Phyleus,
Yea, and the herdsmen, the guards of the kine, on beholding the wondrous
Might of Amphitryon's heir.

Then straightway down to the city,
Leaving the champaign rich, in company Phyleus and mighty
Heracles wend their way; and close by the edge of the high-road,—
Swiftly the narrow path they had walked which stretched from the steading
Down through the vines ('twas a path running green and dim in the vineyard)—
Phyleus, son of the king, with head just turned to the shoulder,

Says to the son of Zeus Most High who followed
anear him :
'Stranger, of thee I heard some story of old—and
it runneth
Now in my mind as I speak—for of thee that tale
was surely.
Wave-washed Helice once sent hither a son of
Achaia,
Youthful and strong, who speaking amidst of many
Epeans
Told how an Argive man (he present) slaughtered
a lion
Fierce and dreadful, the bane of the field-folk,
having his hollow
Lair by the Nemean grove of Zeus ; but rightly
I mind not
Whether from Argos he said, or Tiryns or old
Mycenæ
Came that man, and he called him (unless my
memory tricks me)
Offspring of Perseus' blood ; and methinks that
of all men of Argos
Thou, friend, did'st that deed ; for the lion-skin
clearly betokens
Some brave doing of thine,—that fell thy thighs
are enwrapt in.
Come, first tell to me now, that so I may know for
a surety,
Hero, whether my thought be a true one or no,—
an that Argive
Helice-born spake sooth, and my guess be aright
—unfolding

How thou alone did'st slay that baneful brute; yea, and tell me
How to the watered land of Nemea came he, for monsters
Such on the Apian soil never breathe, nor could'st thou behold one
E'en an thou would'st, but bears and boars and the wolf's fierce kindred.
Wherefore on hearing the tale we wondered; and some said a falsehood
Spake that stranger, and lied with a lavish tongue to his hearers.'
So said Phyleus, and moved from the mid-way, making sufficient
Room for their walking abreast, thus better to hearken his answer.
Heracles walking beside him addressed him and spake upon this wise:
'Son of Augeas, well and aright, thine earlier question
Thou thyself hast answered, and thee will I tell how the monster
Met with his end, since learn thou would'st. But one thing I cannot
Tell thee; for whence he appeared I know not, and none of the Argives
Clearly can say—this alone—we deem that a god in his anger,
Rites being unfulfilled, sent down on the sons of Phoroneus
That dire plague; for he came on the lowlanders, like to a bursting
Torrent, ravaging all, but mostly the Bembinæans.

*Their* home nearest lay to the beast, and great were their sorrows.
This as my first hard task Eurystheus laid on my shoulders,
Bidding me slay that monster of dread. So, taking my lissom
Bow and my quiver of shafts in the one hand, forth I sallied,
Holding a cudgel, a tough, rugged olive-trunk, in the other,—
One which erst I found 'neath Helicon holy and tore it
Root and all from the ground—And whenas to the haunt of the lion
Now was I come, I seized on my bow, and over the bow-tip
Slipping the twisted cord, I speedily fastened a stinging
Arrow thereon, and cast keen eyes all round for the monster,
Hoping to spy him first ere he were aware of my coming.
Lo ! it was now full noon, and as yet no trace of him found I,
Nought could I see, no roar could I hear, no wight by his oxen,
None by the furrowed corn-field stood whom a man could inquire of ;
Fear held all of them fast in the steadings. Over the woody
Mountain I ranged with a foot untired, till at last I beheld him,

Then made trial at once of my prowess. He to his antre
Slowly was moving ere night came down, having gorged on a bloody
Carcass; dust-clotted mane and chest and furiously-glancing
Visage dabbled with gore, red tongue on the chin out-lolling.
Swiftly I crouched in the shade of the scrub on a wood-covered hillock,
Watching whence he should leap, and shot at his heart as he neared me—
Vainly I hit him; the shaft pierced not through the flesh of the creature.
Back on the grass it fell; and swiftly he raised his tawny
Head from the ground in amaze, and cast keen glances about him,
Showing the lustful teeth in his open jaws, and against him
Launching a second shaft from the string, in wrath that yon other
Sped from my hand in vain, right there in the cleft of the breast-bone,
Over the lungs I hit him. The dolorous arrow rebounded
Void of effect from his hide, and dropped by the feet of the monster.
Grievously wroth in soul, I was once more stretching my bow-string,
But that ravening beast with wild eyes glancing about him

Spied me, and round his flanks his tail lashed. Fury was on him.
Swoln was his neck with wrath, and his mane all bristling with anger,
Curved his back as a bow strung tight, and the mass of him huddled
Under his haunches and loins. And then, as, when masterful wainwrights
Bend soft fig-boughs warmed in the fire as wheels for a chariot,
Forth of their handling the thin bent wood springs far in a moment,
Even so that lion of dread from a distance upon me
Bounded, lusting my flesh to devour; but swift with my left hand
Holding the arrows forth and the double cloak from my shoulder,
Whilst with the other I lifted my rugged mace to my temple,
Him I smote on the pate, and shattered my bludgeon of olive
Over the crown of the great grim brute, and ere that he reached me,
Down to the earth he fell, and stood on his wavering feet there
Swaying his head; night rushed on his eyne; for the brain was reeling
Under the smitten skull; and seeing him dazed with the anguish,
Ere he again could breathe, I struck his neck on the sudden

Full on the nape with my fist, having flung both
bow and quiver
Down on the ground, and then with stout hands
pressing together
Throttled him hard from behind for fear his claws
should assail me,
Crushing his hind-feet down with my heels, right
firmly upon them
Standing, and gripping tight his ribs with my
thighs, till I held him
Straight up, stretched full length, by the paws, all
breath from the body
Gone, and the gulf of Hell had gotten the soul
of him. Doubt then
Seized on my mind how to tear that rough-maned
hide from the carcass.
Aught but a light task that ; no iron or flint would
rive it,
No, nor what else I essayed. Some god then,
ware of my trouble,
Counselled me inly to flay with the claws that lion,
and swiftly
So I did, and about my limbs his fell for a mantle
Flung as a guard 'gainst havoc of war. Thus,
friend, was an ending
Made of the Nemean beast once deadly to men
and to cattle.'

## XXVI

## PENTHEUS AND THE MÆNADS

Three mænads, Ino and Autonoë
And apple-cheeked Agave led to the hill
Three bands of bassarids, and stripping off
All the wild leafage of a shaggy oak,
And plucking ivy lush and asphodel
Of upper earth, they built them altars twelve
There in an open mead, to Semele three,
To Dionysus nine; and from the coffer
Taking the secret cakes they silently
Laid them upon the altars of fresh leaves;
For so the god himself had taught, and so
Would have it. Pentheus from a lofty rock,
Where 'mid the ancient lentisks of Cithæron
He lay, saw everything. Autonoë first
Spied him and shrieked; then, dashing forward, marred
The rites of raving Bacchus with her feet—
Rites ever unbeholden of men profane.
She maddened, and the others maddened too,
And Pentheus fled in fear, but they pursued
With raiment gathered up about the thigh.
Then Pentheus cried: 'Women, what would ye do?'
Answered Autonoë: 'Thou shalt quickly know—
Yea, ere thou hear.'

His mother seized the head
Of her own child, and gave a long loud cry,
As howls the lioness among her cubs.
Then Ino, setting heel upon his belly,
Tore the great shoulder and the shoulder-blade
From off the man. Like was Autonoë's way.
The others part the remnant of his flesh
Among themselves, then unto Thebes all go,
Dabbled with blood, and from the mountain bring
Not Pentheus, but *the sorrow of his name.*[1]

But nought care I; yea and let no man heed
For any foe of Bacchus that should suffer
The like or worse; but let him be as a child
Of nine or ten. May I be childlike too,
And with the pure and holy favour find!
From ægis-bearing Zeus this prophecy
Hath praise: 'The children of the pious thrive,
The children of the impious come to woe.'

Hail, Dionysus, thou whom Zeus Most High
In snowy Dracanus hid safe, when he
Had oped his mighty groin, and all hail, thou,
Fair Semele, and sisterhood Cadmean
Of hero's daughters, dear to many a one!
At Dionysus' hest ye wrought this deed—
A deed not to be blamed in any wise—
Let no man blame the working of the gods!

[1] There is a pun here on the name Pentheus and the word *penthema*='woe.'

## XXVII

## THE LOVER AND HIS LASS

THE GIRL

. . . Ay, 'twas a neatherd ravished virtuous Helen.

DAPHNIS

Nay, nay, for she caught *him*, and with a kiss.

THE GIRL

Prate not, young satyr, for—' a kiss is nought.'

DAPHNIS

' E'en empty kisses have a sweet delight.'

THE GIRL

I rub my mouth and blow thy kiss away.

DAPHNIS

Dost rub thy lips ? Give them again to kiss !

THE GIRL

Heifers should'st *thou* kiss, not an unwed maid.

DAPHNIS

Prate not, for Youth drifts by thee like a dream—

THE GIRL

But raisins come from grapes, the dried rose lives—

DAPHNIS
I too am ageing—a sip of milk and honey !

THE GIRL
Hands off !—Would'st dare !—I'll scratch thy lips again !

DAPHNIS
Come 'neath yon olives and hearken to a tale.

THE GIRL
Nay, with a sweet tale thou did'st fool me once.

DAPHNIS
Come 'neath yon elms, and listen to my pipe !

THE GIRL
Pleasure thyself. No silly song love I.

DAPHNIS
Ah, maiden, maiden, dread the Paphian's wrath !

THE GIRL
Good-bye to her, if Artemis be kind !

DAPHNIS
Hush, lest she fling thee in her scapeless toils !

THE GIRL
Nay, let her fling me ! Artemis will save.

DAPHNIS
Thou can'st not flee from Love ; no maiden can.

THE GIRL
By Pan, I do ! But thou aye bear'st his yoke.

DAPHNIS
I fear he give thee to a meaner man.

THE GIRL
Many my wooers, but none hath my heart.

DAPHNIS
A wooer, too, 'mongst many here come I.

THE GIRL
What shall I do, friend? Full of woe is wedlock.

DAPHNIS
Nor woe nor pain hath marriage, but a dance.

THE GIRL
Ay, but they say that women dread their lords.

DAPHNIS
Nay, rule them rather. What do women fear?

THE GIRL
Travail I dread. Keen pangs hath childbearing.

DAPHNIS
Thy Lady, Artemis, will ease the pain.

THE GIRL
But I fear childbirth for my beauty's sake.

DAPHNIS
A mother, thou shalt glory in thy sons.

THE GIRL
What wedding-gift dost bring, if I say 'yes'?

DAPHNIS
My herd, my woodland, and my pasturage.

THE GIRL
Swear not to leave me after to my woe!

DAPHNIS
Never, by Pan, e'en did'st thou drive me forth!

THE GIRL
Wilt build a house and wall a yard for me?

DAPHNIS
I'll build a chambered house, and tend thy flocks.

THE GIRL
But oh! what shall I tell my aged sire?

DAPHNIS
He'll praise thy wedlock when he learns my name.

THE GIRL
Tell me thy name. A name oft gives delight.

DAPHNIS
Daphnis—of Lycidas and Nomæa born.

THE GIRL
Well-born indeed! But no less well am I.

DAPHNIS
Of honoured birth, I know. Thy sire's Menalcas.

THE GIRL
Show me thy grove where stands thy cattle-stall.

DAPHNIS
Hither, and see how soft my cypress blooms!

THE GIRL

Browse, goats ; I go to view the herdsman's place.

DAPHNIS

Feed, bulls ; I'll show my grove unto the maid.

. . . . . .

THE GIRL

What dost thou, satyr ? Why dost touch my breasts ?

DAPHNIS

To know if those young apples there are ripening.

THE GIRL

By Pan, I'm fainting ! Take thy hand away !

DAPHNIS

Courage, dear girl ! Why shak'st thou so for fear ?

THE GIRL

Would'st thrust me in the ditch and wet my gown?

DAPHNIS

See, I will throw this fleece beneath thy robe.

THE GIRL

My girdle is torn off ! Why did'st thou loose it ?

DAPHNIS

I vow this firstling to the Paphian one.

THE GIRL

Oh wait ! . . . If some one came ! . . . I hear a noise !

DAPHNIS
The cypresses are murmuring of our love.

THE GIRL
My kirtle is in rags, and I am naked.

DAPHNIS
An ampler kirtle will I give to thee . . .

THE GIRL
All things to-day; thou'lt grudge e'en salt to-morrow!

DAPHNIS
. . . And oh to give my life along with it!

THE GIRL
Forgive me, Artemis; I break thy vow!

. . . . . .

DAPHNIS
I'll slay a calf to Love, the cow to Cypris.

THE GIRL
A maid I hither came, a wife go hence.

DAPHNIS
Ay, but a mother and a nurse of children.

So these twain, joying in their youthful limbs,
Babbled together, and love's stolen sweet
Tasted. Then up she rose, and silently
Moved off to tend her flock, her eyes downcast,
But gladness in her heart. He towards his herd
Of bulls departed full of a lover's joy.

## XXVIII

## THE DISTAFF

Distaff, friend to the spinner, thou whom grey-eyed
Pallas gives to the wise and careful housewives,
Boldly come with me unto Neleus' lordly
Township, there where a holy fane of Cypris
Stands green-lit with a roof of tender rushes.
Waft me yonder, ye kindly winds of heaven,
So that there I may greet my friend with gladness,
Yea, and kiss and be kissed by him, by Nicias,
Sacred child of the passion-breathing Graces!
Then, O daughter of ivory carved with endless
Labour, into the hand of Nicias' helpmeet
Thee I'll give; for with her much wealth of woven
Work, men's raiment and women's wavy garments,
Thou shalt fashion; for twice a year the fleeces
Soft of ewe-mothers reared in grassy meadows
Would Theogenis, lovely-ankled lady,
Shear, so toilsome she is and wise and thrifty.
Ne'er would I unto lax and lazy houses
Grant this gift from the land where our abode is;
For thy city did Archias the ancient,
He from Ephyra, build, to make the marrow
Of Trinacria, yea, the town of great men.

Henceforth now thou shalt lie within the dwelling
Of that leech who is learn'd in many potent
Drugs which cure us of all our dire diseases.
In Miletus, a fair Ionian city,
Shalt thou dwell, that amongst her fellow-women
There, Theogenis own the best of distaffs,
Yea and ever thou may'st recall the poet
Once her guest; for whoever looks upon thee
Will say: 'Surely a mighty favour follows
Tiny gifts,—any gifts from friends are precious.'

## XXIX

## THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

'WINE,' they say, 'is the well of Truth';
And we in our cups should truthful be.
I will say what lurks in my soul, dear youth—
Thou givest not all thy heart to me.

And well I know it; for half my while
Thy loveliness makes me to live in joy,
And the rest is ruin,—yea, if thou smile,
A day of the Blessèd is mine, sweet boy;

And if thou frown, then all is dark.
Is it seemly to wrong thy lover so?
Oh, hearken unto thine elder, hark—
One day thou wilt thank me for't, I know.

Nest upon only one tree-bough
Whither no fierce creature climbs; nor perch
Now upon this fair branch, and now
Upon that, ever shifting in fickle search.

If a man but call thee fair, straightway
Thy fancy for him is of olden date,
And thy love for me but of yesterday—
Thou hast learned the airs of the haughty great.

Ah, love thine equal ever, for so
Good fame shall be thine as a citizen,
And Eros never will work thee woe,
Though lightly he conquers the hearts of men.

Soft hath he made my iron heart—
By thy tender mouth, remember, I pray,
Last year thou wert younger than now thou art,
And old we grow ere a man cry 'nay';

And wrinkles will come, and Youth will go
Beyond recapture, for on the wing
He speedeth, and we are all too slow
To catch with our hands such a fleeting thing.

Bethink ye of this, and be less coy,
Loving thy lover guilelessly,
That, thou being no more a beardless boy,
Achilles and *his* friend we may be.

The gold apples now for thee would I bring,
Or Cerberus drag from his watch below;
But if my words to the winds thou fling,
Murmuring 'Oh, why trouble me so?'—

Then, I would not come to thy court-yard door
E'en at thy summons—my passion were o'er.

## XXX

## THE LOVER'S LAMENT

Alas this malady sore and dread !—
For a youth have I fevered many a week,
Not passing fair, but from foot to head
All grace, and a witching smile on his cheek.

As yet my suffering comes and goes—
One day held, on the next I'm free ;
But now I shall know nor sleep nor repose,
For lately the boy cast upward at me,

As he passed on his way, a shy swift look,
(To meet my eyes he had deemed o'er-bold)
And rosy he flushed, and my heart was took
In the grasp of Love with a firmer hold.

And home I hied with a fresh heart-sore,
And bitterly charging my soul I said :
' What dost thou ? Fool, wilt thou not give o'er
See'st not these silver hairs on thy head ?

'Tis time thou wert wise who hoary art
And for follies of young men all unmeet ;
Nay more, it were better to keep thy heart
From love for a fair boy, grievous and sweet.

For his life fleets by like a fleet-foot fawn,—
To-morrow he sails for another shore,
And the lovely flower of his youthful dawn
Shall bloom 'mid his boyish mates no more.

But love and desire will aye devour
The heart of his lover remembering
Him in dreams of the midnight hour,
And a year no cure to his woe can bring.'

And many another word of blame
I spake to my soul, but it answered me:
'The man that thinks he can put to shame
The wily love-god, a fool is he,

And would think to number the stars above,
Setting them all in nines a-row;
And now I must bear the yoke of Love
With outstretched neck if I will or no;

For this, poor wight, is the love-god's way—
O'er Zeus and Cypris he oft prevails;
I am a leaf that lives but a day,
Drifting in light winds, driven by gales.'

## XXXI

## THE FORGIVENESS OF APHRODITE

When Cytherea saw
Her dead Adonis there
With cheeks all pale and wan
And soilure on his hair,
She bade the young Loves bring
The boar unto her gaze ;
And away on the wing they went
And ranged the forest maze.
They found the hateful boar
And bound him with chain and thong ;
One set a noose on his neck
And haled him captive along,
Another drove behind
And shot him with shafts from his bow ;
And dreading the goddess's wrath
The beast went full of woe.
'O cruellest beast of all,'
Then Aphrodite saith,
'Did'st wound that thigh, hast smitten
My leman to the death ?'
And the beast said : 'Cytherea,
I truly swear to thee
By thyself, thy Love, these bonds
And those who have taken me,

I sought not to wound thy beauteous
Leman, but gazed on him
As he were a statue, and madly
I yearned to kiss that limb,
For sore was the heat of my love,
And fair was his thigh to see.
And now, O goddess, wreak
Thine utmost anger on me.
Take these unruly tushes
And break them off, for why
Should I bear such amorous things,
What need of them have I ?
And if this be not enough,
Then cut my lips off too ;
For why did I dare to kiss ? '
And Cypris 'gan to rue,
And bade the young Loves loosen
His trammels and set him free.
And ever from that day forth
He followed her faithfully,
And ne'er to the wild wood went,
But would come at her beck and call
To fawn at the goddess's feet
And the feet of the young Loves all.

## EPIGRAMS

These dewy roses and this clump of thyme
Are offered to the nymphs of Helicon,
This dark-leaved laurel, Pythian god, to thee—
Laurel, thy glory from the Delphic rock.
The blood too of this white he-goat which gnaws
The terebinth twigs shall stain the altar-stone.

Daphnis, the fair of hue, that piper sweet,
And rustic minstrel offers to Pan—these :
His flute and pipe, his crook and javelin keen,
His fawn-skin and the scrip that once held apples.

Daphnis, asleep in the leaf-strewn grot, and resting thy weary
Body, the huntsman's toils now on the mountains are set.
Pan pursues thee, and he who bindeth a yellow ivy
Wreath on his beauteous head, wanton Priapus himself.
Into the grot they are coming, the pair ; so flee away quickly,
Flee away ; oh, shake off numbness and gathering sleep.

Goatherd, if thou the oak-set winding path
Wilt follow, thou shalt find a fig-wood statue
New-wrought, unbarked, obscene, earless, but fit
To do the child-begetting deed of Cypris.
A sacred garth encircleth it, and streams
Aye flowing from the rocks are all a-bloom
With laurel, myrtle, and sweet-smelling cypress.
And there the grape-born vine spreads everywhere
Its tendrils, and the blackbirds of the spring
Pour forth their changeful songs, and nightingales
Warble in answer their low dulcet notes.
There sit thee down and pray to sweet Priapus
To rid me of my love for Daphnis, saying
That then I'll sacrifice a pretty kid;
But, an he grant it not, then, if success
In love be mine, I'll make a triple offering;
For I will slay a heifer, a shag he-goat
And a stall-fed lamb—The god accept my vows!

Thyself not old didst leave an infant son,
And now thou liest here, Eurymedon.
The State shall honour him, remembering
From what a noble father he did spring.

Unto Miletus hath Asclepios come
To lend his aid to Nicias the physician
Who daily prays to him with sacrifice,
And bade Eetion with his cunning hand
To carve this statue out of fragrant cedar,
Giving a great reward therefor—and he
Into the work put all his artistry.

Stranger, a Syracusan, Orthon hight,
Bids thee beware of roaming drunk by night
In wintertime; for now my fate is this—
A deeper grave in my own land to miss.

I, Xenocles, the poet set up here
This marble altar to the Muses dear.
None can deny my glory, nor can I
Ungratefully the tuneful Nine deny.

This is the tomb of Eusthenes, so wise
In guessing what the soul is from the eyes.
His comrades laid him deep in alien earth;
They loved him, for they knew the poet's worth;
And so when dead and powerless, he had all
Due rites that appertain to burial.

This is no wanton Cypris; pray to her
In her heavenly name; for this her effigy
Was raised by chaste Chrysogone in the house
Of Amphicles, with whom she lived her time
In concord, wife and mother. Year by year
They happier grew; for they that Heaven heed
Themselves receive from Heaven a fairer meed.

This changer's table payeth equal sums
To foreigner and cit—whichever comes.
Put down your coins, and take what is your due;
You'll find on scrutiny the reckoning true.
Others may shirk; Caïcus can aright
Tell foreign coins for clients e'en by night.

Thus shall I know, wayfarer, if more grace
Thou showest to the good than to the base;
For thou wilt say: "A blessing on the stone
Which here lies light on good Eurymedon!"

This little child untimely and all too young
(She was but seven) died grieving for her brother,
Scarce two years old, who tasted hateful death
Before her. Woe is thee, Peristera,
How near at hand the god sets bitterest grief!

Behold this statue, stranger, earnestly,
And when thou winnest to thy home, say this:
"I saw the statue of Anacreon,
That prince of poetry, in Teos isle."
And if thou add: "and well he pleased the young,"
Thou'lt have portrayed the whole man to the life.

These words are Doric, and here stands the man
Who first wrote comedy—'tis Epicharmus.
Bacchus, for thee dwellers in Syracuse
(No mean abode) set up this statue here
In bronze as to a fellow-citizen.
Meet that they bear in mind his words of wisdom,
And pay him due regard; for sage he was
And gave good counsel to us all and apt
For use in life—a blessing on his head!

The bitter bard Hipponax lieth here.
If thou'rt a rogue, come not his tomb anear;
But if thou'rt good and from a worthy sire,
Sit boldly down, yea, sleep, if thou desire.

From boy Medeios to his Thracian nurse
This wayside tombstone! (Cleitas graved the verse)
Thanks be for all the loving tenderness
She showed him! Still we call her "Usefulness."

Stand and behold Archilochus, the bard
Of ancient days, whose famed iambics go
From furthest East to West. Apollo loved him
For that he tuneful was and skilled to write
Sweet poetry, and sing it to the lyre.

This man, Peisander of Camiros, best
Of all the ancient poets wrote the tale
Of Heracles, the hefty lion-slayer,
And all his labours. Be it known to you
That him in bronze the people set up here
After his death many a month and year.

Unhappy Thyrsis, what avails it, say,
To weep thy cheeks with idle tears away ?
Thy pretty kid hath entered Hades' maw ;
A fierce wolf seized her with his cruel claw,
And now the dogs are barking. Tears are vain ;
Nor bone nor ash of her doth now remain.

I prithee by the nymphs, wilt play for me
On double pipe some pretty melody ?
My quill shall strike the lyre ; Daphnis the while
Shall with his wax-bound pan-pipe us beguile.
Anigh this oak behind the grot let's keep
And rob the goat-god of his mid-day sleep.

# BION

## LAMENT FOR ADONIS

I RAISE my wail for Adonis—dead is the fair Adonis—
"Dead is the fair Adonis," the Loves in answer wail.

Sleep no longer, Cypris, on bedding of purple, but rouse thee,
Robe thee in sombre array, beat breast, poor wretch, and groan,
Crying aloud unto all men: "Dead is the fair Adonis."
I raise my moan for Adonis; the Loves in answer moan.

The beauteous Adonis is lying, is lying among the mountains,
Smit by the boar's white tusk, smit in his fair white thigh.
Scarce doth he breathe, and his life-blood (alas for Cypris!) is flowing,
Flowing his white flesh o'er, and dim with death is his eye.

Fled is the rose from his lips, and the kiss of his mouth hath withered,
Which never shall Cypris cull; but e'en can a dead kiss avail
To pleasure her. Little he wots that she kissed him there a-dying.
I raise my wail for Adonis; the Loves in answer wail.

Grievous alas! is the wound in Adonis' thigh, yea, grievous,
But sorer far is the wound that she in her heart hath deep.
His well-loved hounds make moan, make moan for their youthful master,
There at his side, and the nymphs from the mountain-tops all weep.

The goddess hath loosed her tresses, and wanders away through the thickets,
Mourning, dishevelled, unsandalled; the brambles her fair flesh tear
And are smeared with her sacred blood, as wailing she goes through the valleys,
Goes through the winding vales, and with sharp cries rends the air.

She calls on her Syrian husband, she calls him her young Belovèd;
And her life-blood splashes around her waist and around her thighs,
And thence on her bosom it comes, and her breasts are stained with the crimson—
Snow-white breasts that of yore would flush in Adonis' eyes.

She hath lost her beauteous leman, and lost her heavenly beauty.
Fair was the goddess to see while Adonis lived; but to-day
With Adonis her beauty hath perished. The mountains all are mourning
"Ah, wellaway for Cypris!"; the oaks cry "wellaway!"

The rivers and mountain-springs are weeping for Aphrodite,
Weeping for her sad woe, and for Adonis dead.
Among the dells and knolls the goddess is wailing and weeping,
And the very flowers for grief have turned their petals red.

"Alas for Cypris," she cries, and "Dead is the fair Adonis,"—
"Dead is the fair Adonis," Echo calls to her back,
Who would not weep and mourn for the sorrow of Aphrodite,
For Cypris' bitter sorrow who would not cry "Alack!"?

When Cypris saw and beheld the deadly wound of Adonis,
Ah, when she saw the blood which reddened his wasting thigh,
Opening wide her arms, she wailed: "O Adonis, tarry,
Hapless Adonis, tarry; I would hold thee again ere thou die.

I would drink thy love to the lees. Thy kiss will be *thou* for me henceforth,
Thy kiss is Adonis now; for Adonis away doth flee.
Far away art thou fleeing—to Acheron, unto the hateful
Cruel lord of the Dead, ah, wellaway! woe is me!

I cannot follow thee thither; a god am I, and I may not.
Take him, Persephone, take my husband; stronger than mine
Far is thy might; all things that are fair go down to thy kingdom.
Hapless am I above all, and in love insatiable pine.

I weep for Adonis; Adonis is gone, and sore is my terror.
Oh, thou thrice-belov'd, thou art dead, and a yearning now
Comes on my soul like a dream; I am widowed, the Loves are as orphans.
With thee my girdle of charm hath perished—oh, why didst thou,

Thou, that wert born so beauteous, dare to encounter a wild beast?
Wherefore wert thou so mad as to hunt a cruel boar?"
Thus Cypris wailed in her woe, and the Loves all wailed in answer,
"Ah, wellaway, Cytherea; Adonis is now no more."

She droppeth as many tears as blood-drops flow
from Adonis,
And both all turn to flowers, as they fall on the
earth's face there.
The blood gives birth to the rose, and the tears
give birth to the wind-flower.
Woe is me for Adonis! Dead is Adonis the fair.

Weep no more, O Cypris, weep no more for Adonis
Here by this leafy couch in the forest's lonely
deep;
*Thy* couch now let him have, let the dead one lie
upon *thy* couch.
Lovely in death is he, and like unto one asleep.

Lay him alow on the fair soft couch whereon he
aforetime
Slept a sacred sleep in the night, thy golden bed
Where he lay by thy side, that bed which e'en in
his death doth desire him.
Strew on him garlands of flowers that alas! like
him are dead.

Anoint him now with the unguents of Syria,
sprinkle perfumes,
All sweet perfumes be spent, for spent are the
sweet one's days.
And now Adonis is lying on couch of purple, and
round him
The Loves, their curls all shorn, a chorus of wailing
raise.

One doth cast his arrows, another his bow upon him,
One his quiver, and one a wing-feather ; kneeling anigh
One looseth Adonis' sandals, and some in a golden basin
Lustral water hold, and one doth lave his thigh ;

Yet another standeth behind him and fanneth him with his feathers.
" Alas, for Cytherea," the Loves cry o'er and o'er.
Hymen, the god of wedlock, hath quenched his torch on the door-posts,
Petal by petal deflowered his garland, and sings no more,

No more singeth his own sweet song, but, " Alas for Adonis ! "
The Graces among themselves the son of Cinyras wail,
Crying " Adonis, the fair, is dead," and louder they chant it
Than ever they chant that song : " Pæan Apollo, hail ! "

Even the Fates themselves mourn loud for him lying in Hades,
And sing a regretful song, but he may not heed their lay,
Fain though he were to hearken ; for she, that sombre Maiden,
Will not suffer him go—ah, me, and wellaway !

Cease from thy sorrowing now, Cytherea, cease
from thy wailing;
When another year comes round, thou shalt weep
and wail again.

## LOVE AND THE MUSES

Let Eros call the Muses to his aid,
And may the Muses lead him gently on!
Oh, may they grant me song to soothe my love,
Sweet song, that pleasantest of remedies!

## THE WILL OF HEAVEN

All things are possible if Heaven will,
For Heaven can easily all things fulfil.

## LOVE AND THE ALPHEUS

When, after hailing Pisa,
Alpheus takes the sea,
His olive-nurturing water
He guideth unto thee,

O fountain Arethusa,
And marriage gifts he brings,
Fair leaves and flowers and sacred
Dust of the wrestling-rings.

As underseas he fareth
Beneath the Ionian blue,
Oh, little wots the ocean
Of the river passing through!

That knavish boy, the love-god,
Who doth all ill contrive,
By charms and by enchantment
Hath taught the stream to dive!

## THE FOUR SEASONS

*C.* Which dost thou love best, Myrson, Spring or Winter,
Autumn, or Summer? Which dost pray for most?
Summer, the season of accomplished labour,
Or the sweet Autumn of abundant food,
Or toilful Winter? (E'en in Winter oft
Men take their ease in sloth and idleness.)
Or is fair Spring thy favourite? Tell me which
Thou choosest. We have ample time for talk.

*M.* Men should not dare to judge the works of Heaven,
For sacred are they all and sweet; but I
For thy sake, Cleodamus, will confess
Which season I love most. I choose not Summer,

For then the sun doth burn me, nor yet Autumn,
That season of ill-health. The Winter brings
The feathery snow, and I fear chills. Let Spring,
My darling Spring, be here the whole year round!
For then nor frost, nor hot sun troubles us;
Then all things swell with sap, and buds are rife,
And Day and Night o'er men hold equal sway.

## INSPIRATION

The Muses fear not Love, but hold him dear
And ever follow in his train anear.
If that a loveless mortal try to sing,
They flee and will not teach him anything;
But if the singer be with love distraught,
To him are eagerly their presents brought.
And I a witness am that this is truth;
For if I choose some other god, or youth,
Then songs refuse my stammering lips to pass;
But if I sing of Love or Lycidas,
My lips are opened, and my joyful song
Like to a river pours itself along.

## EROS AND APHRODITE

O GENTLE Cyprian goddess, child of Zeus
And of the Ocean, why art thou so wroth
With gods and men? Nay, why art thou so loathed
By thine own self (I whispered) as to bear
Eros, that universal evil? Fierce
And cruel is his mind, and all unlike
His beauteous form. Why didst thou give him wings
And far-attaining arrows, so that all
Should powerless be to ward his venom off?

## AN ADAGE

BEAUTY is woman's glory, valour man's.

## POLYPHEMUS

BUT I will go my way to yonder slope
Which fronts the sandy shore, singing the while
An urgent song to cruel Galatea;
And never shall I quit my darling hope,
Until the extreme limit of old age.

## THE CONSTANT DROP

The constant drop—so runs the fable—
To hollow out the rock is able.

## SELF-HELP

My friend, you should not always ask
A carpenter to do your task,
Nor always seek another's aid.
Make your own pipe—it's easy made.

## SELF-INTEREST

If that my Muse should glory gain,
Well, then I have not toiled in vain;
But if my songs have failed to please,
Why waste my life on tasks like these?
For, had Fate given us double life,
One made for joy and one for strife,
Perchance it had been worth our while
To suffer much for Fortune's smile;
But as the gods have given to none
More than a short and paltry *one*,
Why do we toil and struggle so,
And vex our souls each art to know?
Why do we spend our life and health
In striving after greater wealth?
Have we forgot our mortal state,
How small the span allowed by Fate?

## THE SERENADER

O Hesper, Aphrodite's golden light,
Hesper, thou glory of the purple night,
Dimmer than Artemis, but brighter far,
Thou well-belov'd than any other star,
All hail to thee! And lend thy kindly aid,
As I my darling go to serenade.
Shed thou thy beam in absence of the Moon;
For she this evening set an hour too soon.
No thief am I the traveller to molest,
I am a lover; help a lover's hest.

## COMRADES

Happy are comrades, when their love's returned.
Happy was Theseus with Pirithoüs,
Although to pitiless Hades he went down;
Happy Orestes was in cruel Tauris,
For Pylades had thither gone with him;
Blest was Achilles while Patroclus lived,
And blest he died, his comrade's fate avenged.

## TO HYACINTH

A dumbness took Apollo to behold
Thine agony; each cunning drug he tried,
With nectar and ambrosia stanched the wound,
But all in vain; no drug can vanquish Fate.

## EROS AND THE POET

I DREAMT that Cypris came towards my bed,
Leading her little son, who hung his head,
And that her words were these : " Dear minstrel, take
This lad and teach him singing." So she spake,
And went her way. And I then, like a fool,
Essayed to put the god of love to school,
As if a willing scholar he would be !
So I began my pastoral minstrelsy,
Telling him how that Pan devised the flute,
Athene, the sweet pipe, Hermes, the lute,
Phœbus, the lyre—and many a suchlike thing.
But he would pay no heed, but only sing
His own love-ditties, teaching me the while
The loves of gods and men—his mother's guile—
And all that I taught Love I quite forget,
But all that Love taught me I carol yet.

## THE BOY FOWLER AND EROS

A YOUTHFUL fowler in a woody dell
While hunting birds one day (as it befell)
Saw Eros sitting on a box-wood tree,
And joyed to think a mighty bird was he.
So, setting all his arrows in array,
He stalked the god, who always hopped away.

At last the boy in disappointed mind
Flung down his shafts and sought an aged hind
Who once had taught him skill in archery ;
And pointing out the perching deity
He told his tale. The aged ploughman smiled
And shook his head, and thus addressed the child :
" Nay, quit such hunting ; let that bird a-be ;
Yea, flee from him ; an evil thing is he.
Happy thou'lt be not having him. If Fate
Should choose to bring thee unto man's estate,
That bird who flies thee now and hops away
Will perch unasked upon thy head one day ! "

# MOSCHUS

## A LAMENT FOR BION

Wail me a sad lament, ye dells and Dorian water;
Weep, ye rivers, aloud for Bion the darling of all.
Trees and plants, make moan, ye groves, give voice to your mourning;
Clustering flowers, breathe forth grief from your garlands of woe.
Blush, ye roses, blush; ye wind-flowers, redden with anguish;
Hyacinth, loudlier speak that lamentation of thine,
Loudlier speak that word of woe enwrit on thy petals,
Cry more shrilly "alas!", for dead is the minstrel sweet.
*Oh, raise, Sicilian Muses, raise the dirge.*

Nightingales sadly warbling your lays in the leafy branches,
Hie you to Sicily now and tell Arethusa this:
"Gone is Bion the herdsman; with him all singing hath perished,
Music is now no more; mute is the Dorian strain;"
*Oh, raise, Sicilian Muses, raise the dirge.*

Swans on the Strymon river, oh raise your sad lamentation,
Chant with your moaning mouths music of bitterest woe,
Yea, such a ditty as eld will one day grant you to carol;
Say to your native nymphs: "The Dorian Orpheus is dead."
*Oh, raise, Sicilian Muses, raise the dirge.*

He that was dear to the herds no longer singeth among them,
Sits no longer, alas! under the lonely oaks;
Nay, but in Pluto's realm he hymns a forgetful ditty;
Dumb are the vales and hills, silent the mountains all.
Even the very kine that roam with the bulls in the meadow
Are wailing, and now no more care on the pasture to browse.
*Oh, raise, Sicilian Muses, raise the dirge.*

Apollo himself too wept for the fate untimely of Bion,
The satyrs and dark-clad sons of the garden-god all wept.
The Pans bewail thee in song, and the nymphs of the streams in the woodland
Uttered a woeful cry, and the fountains turned to tears.
Echo, her rocks among, sore grieveth she now is voiceless;

Never again any more to return thee the lay from thy lips,
Fruit-trees cast their fruits, and the sweet flowers all of them wither;
No juice flows from the apples, no honey flows from the combs;
Shrunken it rots in the wax; for the honey of thy sweet singing
Flowing no more, what needs honey of bees to be culled?
*Oh, raise, Sicilian Muses, raise the dirge.*

Not so mourned that Siren of old on the lone sea-beaches,
Not so pensively sang the Nightingale 'mong the leaves;
Ne'er on the heights of the hills so plaintively piped the Swallow,
Never did Ceyx grieve so for her Halcyon's fate;
Not so fluted the Ceryl of yore on the green sea-billows,
Never so keened the birds down in the dells of the East,
Fluttering round the tomb of Memnon, son of the Morning,
As when they all made moan at the passing of Bion away.
*Oh, raise, Sicilian Muses, raise the dirge.*

The nightingales and the swallows to whom he taught their music,
They who had loved him well, wailed at the foot of the trees,
Wailed in a chorus of woe, and in song antiphonal chanted:
"Sorrowing birds, make moan, for ye are his mourners too."
*Oh, raise, Sicilian Muses, raise the dirge.*

O, thou thrice-beloved, who now shall play on thy pan-pipe,
Who that will dare lay mouth unto its reeds again?
For still it breathes of thy lips, still breathes with the breath of thy singing,
And Echo still on thy songs feeds in the tuneful pipes.
Lo, shall I bear it a gift unto Pan? Ah, haply the goat-god
Were afraid he should win, e'en he, only the second award!
*Oh, raise, Sicilian Muses, raise the dirge.*

Now Galatea regrets thy songs, whom of old thou rejoiced'st
There as she sat by thy side down by the sea-bank's edge.
Sweeter thy songs were to her than the songs of her swain Polyphemus;
Him did the fair nymph fly; dearer wert thou than the wave.

Now, all heedless of ocean, she sits on the lone sea-beaches,
Or, haply, among the hills tendeth the herd that was thine.
*Oh, raise, Sicilian Muses, raise the dirge.*

Perished along with thee now are all the gifts of the Muses,
Passionate kisses of girls, passionate kisses of boys.
Sorrowing round thy corse the Loves are weeping and wailing;
Cypris regrets thee more than Adonis' dying kiss.
O Meles, river of all most sad, this grief is another,
This is a second woe—Homer of old too died,
He that sweetest voice of Calliope; him too, men say,
All thy waters bewailed, him, of thy children the best.
Yea, and the sea was filled with thy voice, and now for another
Son thou dost weep, yea, now wailest another woe.
Dear were they both to the wells of song; for of fount Hippocrene,
Homer drank, but Bion, fount Arethusa, of thee.
Homer of Helen told, and Achilles and brave Menelaüs;
Bion sang no wars, nothing for tears or wail.
Pan and the keepers of kine were the gentle themes of our herdsman;
Pan-pipes too he made, and his sweet-breathed heifer milked.

Yea, and he taught us the love of boys, and roused in our bosoms
All Aphrodite's charm, all the delights of desire.
*O, raise, Sicilian Muses, raise the dirge.*

Every famous city, and every town doth lament thee;
Ascra for thee grieves more far than for Hesiod dead;
Not so much do the woods of Bœotia sorrow for Pindar,
Not so much for Alcæus mourneth Lesbos the fair;
Not so sore for Anacreon waileth the Teian city;
More than for Archilochus Paros lamenteth for thee;
Thy songs more than Sappho's chanteth sad Mitylene,
And Syracuse now in thee another Theocritus hails.
I from the western land of Ausonia bring thee a poem,
I that from thee did learn the pastoral strains I know;
For I did inherit thy Dorian Muse; thy wealth unto others
Didst thou leave, but to me the guerdon of country song.
*O, raise, Sicilian Muses, raise the dirge.*

Woe is me! When the mallows and parsley green in the garden
Fade, and the curling dill that bloometh so fresh and fair,
They ever live again, and flourish anew in the spring-time,
When the revolving year bringeth their season back;
But we mighty and strong, we men so wise in our wisdom,
Whenso we perish, are laid heedless in hollow Earth,
Sleeping the long, long, endless sleep that knows not of waking,
Even as thou shalt lie swathèd in silence for aye.
And now the nymphs all deem they hear but the marsh-frog warbling,
And little I envy them that; for his is an ugly song!
*O, raise, Sicilian Muses, raise the dirge.*

Poison came to thy lips, O Bion, poison assailed thee.
How could so bitter a thing on *thy* lips not turn sweet?
Who could of mortals be so cruel as mix thee a death-cup,
Or give it to thee at thy call? Nameless in song shall they be.
*O, raise, Sicilian Muses, raise the dirge.*

But Retribution was theirs! And to me is left lamentation.
Ah, if as Orpheus of old, or Odysseus, or Heracles, I,
I could have gone down too unto Hades, thither had *I* gone,
E'en unto Pluto's house to behold thee; and if that thou sing
There unto Hades' Lord, I had hearkened thee. Now to the Maiden
Raise a Sicilian song, thou, sing her a pastoral lay.
She a Sicilian is, that Queen, and played on the sea-shore
Under the Etna crags, and she knows the Dorian strain.
Not unguerdoned shall be thy song, and, e'en as to Orpheus,
That sweet harper, she gave to lead his Eurydice back,
So unto thee will she give to return to the hills, O Bion—
Ah, and had *my* song power, I too to Pluto had sung.

## THE LOVE-CHAIN

Pan loved his neighbour, Echo,
The leaping Satyr, she;
The Satyr raved of Lyde—
Unhappy lovers three!

As Echo for the Satyr
(Whose darling was unkind)
So Pan for Echo languished,
And thwarted Eros pined.

For each did hate a lover,
Yet each with love did burn;
And as each hurt the other,
So each was hurt in turn.

To those that are hard-hearted
This lesson I would prove—
"Be kind to one that loves you,
For some day *you* may love."

## LAND AND SEA

When gentle winds are blowing
Across the azure sea,
I feel my faint heart glowing
With valour's ecstasy.
And then far more
Than doth the shore
The placid ocean lureth me.

But when the waters whiten
With curling crests of foam,
When mighty billows frighten,
Ah, then I think of home.
The land and trees
Outvalue these—
Ah, then through shady woods I'd roam.

For e'en if there it bloweth,
The pine-tree sweetly sings.
Oh, what a life he knoweth
Whose house hath canvas wings!
On sea his toil,
And fish his spoil—
*I'd* sleep 'neath leafy murmurings.

And I would hear
The brooklet near;
For that's the noise
For country boys.

## EROS A RUNAWAY

The Cyprian Aphrodite on a day
Clamoured for Eros who had run away.
"Whoe'er," she cried, "hath seen my errant son,
And tells me on what road he is, hath won
A kiss from Cypris as his recompense;
Moreover, if he hither bring him thence,
He'll get still better guerdon. One can well
My truant lad from twenty others tell.
Not white, but fire-hued is his flesh; eyes bold,
Piercing and bright; soft-spoken, evil-souled
Is he—diverse his tongue is from his mind;
His voice is honey-sweet, his heart unkind.
He is a cozener and a madcap blent;
His curls are fine, his face is impudent;

Tiny his hands are, but his arrows go
As far as Acheron and the King below ;
Naked his limbs, but wrapt in guile his wits,
And like a bird from here to there he flits,
Settling alike on man's and woman's heart.
Small is his bow, and tiny is his dart,
Tiny his dart, and yet to Heaven it flies ;
A golden quiver on his shoulder lies ;
Within it those sharp-headed arrows be
Wherewith he often woundeth even me.
Though dire all these, his torch is yet more dire,
His little torch, that sets the sun afire.
If that thou catch him, bind him ruthlessly ;
If he should weep, beware ! he's cheating thee ;
If laugh, hale him along ; if he be bold
To kiss thee, flee—his lips a poison hold ;
If he should ask : 'Wouldst thou my arms essay ?'
Oh, touch them not, for steeped in fire are they."

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
THE EDINBURGH PRESS, 9 AND 11 YOUNG STREET, EDINBURGH

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